

Miss Agnes Weston's Work. Stories by L. T. Meade, Amy Le Feuvre, &c.
March, 1909. 6d.

The QUIVER



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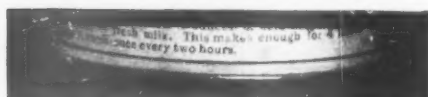


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arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. **ASK FOR**

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how very many serious illnesses develop from small ailments? The digestive and secretive organs become slightly deranged, and unless the cause is removed, the trouble becomes aggravated, and lasting sickness is almost certain to follow.

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"FULL OF HIDDEN SUNSHINE."

It only Needs Care and Cultivation on the Right Lines to Develop Its Inherent Extraordinary Beauty.

The hair of the Englishwoman is the most beautiful in the world. "It is full of hidden sunshine."

But the sunshine is only revealed when the hair is properly cared for and cultivated.

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And it is just the same with the hair. Englishwomen, as a rule, possess beautiful hair (or the possibilities of beautiful hair), and have done so from time immemorial. There must be something in our moist island atmosphere which enhances its softness and lustre and silky texture. But they do not cultivate it as they might. They do not make the most of it. They do not fully bring out, as they could simply and easily do, its innate but hidden charms. Consequently, it becomes dull and weak and straggling. It loses its beautiful gloss and sheeny lustre. Greyness and Scurf-deposits invade it. Perhaps it is even overtaken by that most fatal of all beauty-scourges—the plague of baldness. And all this for the want of a little daily attention, for lack of two minutes occupied every morning or every evening "drilling" the Hair and Scalp into perfect Health, Strength, and Beauty.

But when the hair of the English woman or girl—or man—does get this daily scientific attention, how beautiful does it become! The daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" brings out this natural light and glowing lustre. Whether the hair is chestnut brown, or black as jet, or golden bright, as though it had been drenched in liquid sunshine, this inward radiance is always present in healthy hair, and can be developed by any woman within a few days by practising for a couple of minutes every day the famous "Harlene Hair-Drill," the directions for which have now been drawn up in a book (sent gratis and post free on application to

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The Quiver, March, 1926.

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Q., Mar., 1909 *Hair Restorer Co.*

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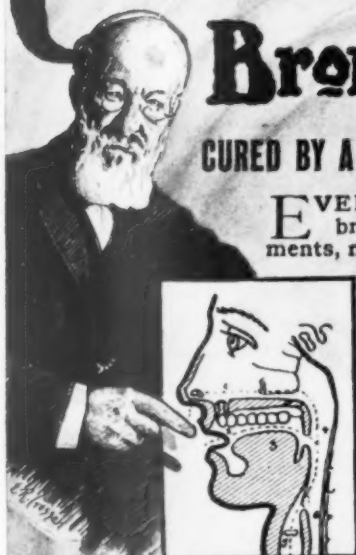
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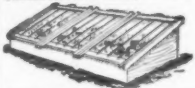
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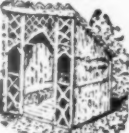
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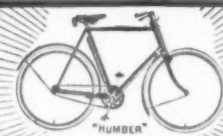
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The Quiver, March, 1909

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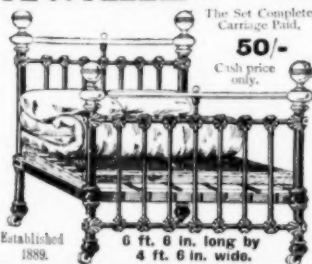
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"He who sails on the wide sea
Is a parishioner of Stepney."

This formerly brought crushing claims on the parochial rates by paupers born at sea, who used to be sent to Stepney from every corner of the country. Their claim seems supported by most works of reference, but in reality repeated decisions of the superior Courts have upset the tradition. The fact that the legend is so frequently repeated in print is only another proof of how easy it is to circulate a myth, and how difficult to destroy it.

Christians in the Japanese Parliament

NO fewer than fourteen Christians are members of the Japanese House of Representatives—twice as many as in the last Parliament. The Church Missionary Society states, on the authority of an influential Japanese Christian newspaper, that, while the number of nominally enrolled Christians in Japan is only about 150,000 out of 50,000,000, or three out of 1,000, or while the Christian community may be roughly estimated at about 300,000 out of 50,000,000, or six out of 1,000, the fourteen Christians out of 380 members in the House of Representatives are almost four out of 100. These fourteen Christians do not all show the same degree of zeal and earnestness in religious matters, but they more or less represent Christian ideals, and most of them are very active in Christian life. Japan is becoming Christianised far more rapidly than many imagine.

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H 10



CALENDAR—March, 1909

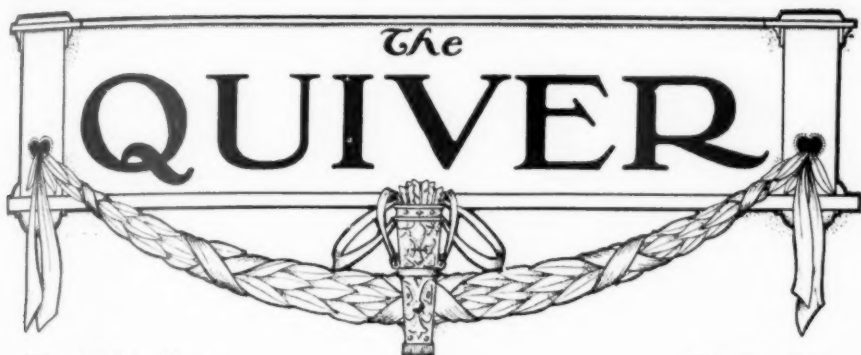
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|--|------------------------------------|
| 1 MON. <i>St. David</i> | 16 TUES. |
| 2 TUES. John Wesley d. 1791 | 17 WED. <i>St. Patrick's Day</i> |
| 3 WED. | 18 THURS. Luther d. 1546 |
| 4 THURS. Forth Bridge opened 1890 | 19 FRI. Bishop Ken d. 1711 |
| 5 FRI. George du Maurier b. 1834 | 20 SAT. |
| 6 SAT. | 21 Sunday 4th in Lent. |
| 7 Sunday 2nd in Lent. Bible Society | 22 MON. Goethe d. 1832 |
| 8 MON. estab. 1804 | 23 TUES. Lord Milner b. 1854 |
| 9 TUES. | 24 WED. Longfellow d. 1882 |
| 10 WED. King's Wedding Day 1863 | 25 THURS. <i>Lady Day.</i> |
| 11 THURS. Sir James Outram d. 863 | 26 FRI. Bishop of Ripon b. 1841 |
| 12 FRI. Ch lsea Hospital founded 1682 | 27 SAT. John Bright d. 1889 |
| 13 SAT. Duke of Connaught mar. 1879 | 28 Sunday 5th in Lent |
| 14 Sunday 3rd in Lent. | 29 MON. John Keble d. 1865 |
| 15 MON. Bessemer d. 1898 | 30 TUES. Crimean War ended 1856 |
| | 31 WED. Pr. Henry of Wales b. 1900 |



"HOW HE'S GROWN!"

(Drawn by Percy Tarrant.)

The QUIVER



VOL. XLIV., No. 4

MARCH, 1909

"Every Man for Himself, and God for us All"

By AGNES E. WESTON, LL.D., of the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth

ON a snowy, stormy morning in the early spring of last year H.M.S. *Gladiator* entered the Solent on her way to Portsmouth. About an hour, and she would be at Spithead. When abreast of Calshot Castle, a violent blizzard from the north-east came down, all was blurred and dark, and ships had to grope their way along. Before the storm cleared the steamship *St. Paul*, outward bound, crashed into the cruiser. Her steel ram tore everything before it, spreading consternation among the crew on deck and the men seated at their mess tables below. The water rushed into the breach as the *St. Paul* backed out, and the *Gladiator*, quivering under her death wound, slowly heeled over.

Every effort was made to save the ship, and some sharp, short orders were given. Calm and fearless, the ship's company mustered on the sloping deck, feeling that the vessel was sinking under them. No alarm or even tremor was shown—British sailors know how to do or die. Then came the command for the men to try to save themselves, repeated in the order of the warrant officer, which I have taken for my title: "Every man for himself, and God for us all." In less time than it takes me to write the

Gladiator sank beneath the waves, carrying down with her a large number of gallant sailormen. Some were saved, others rose no more.

The terrible news was soon flashed to Portsmouth, where wives were awaiting their husbands, in some cases with the tea on the table and the kettle boiling, and little children were looking out for daddy. I was glad that in the midst of this calamity we were able to help the sorrowful ones, not only in Portsmouth, but in various parts of the country. The money given to us enabled us to keep the husbands' pay going, so that the sufferers should not have the miseries of starvation added to their grief. We were able, also, to sympathise with them, and to try to lead them to the Saviour Who loved them, and would be a very present help in their time of trouble.

The sorrows of the sea are many and great. I have lived through many of these terrible naval catastrophies, the loss of the *Eurydice*, *Serpent*, *Victoria*, *Cobra*, *Condor*, and last and not least, the *Tiger* and *Gladiator*. My many friends of the League of Loving Hearts, by the kind help sent through the Editor of THE QUIVER, have enable! me to comfort a large number of the widows and the poor



old mothers and fathers of the victims; but there are so many sad accidents in our Service that I should only be too thankful if I could receive more for this important part of my work. I have to refuse aid in very many sad cases owing to want of funds.

I travelled from Portsmouth to Devonport the other day—a six hours' journey—to meet 200 sailor boys, who were being drafted from H.M.S. *Impregnable* to sea-going vessels. They were marched up from their ships, and very gallant and fit those true blues looked. It was pleasant to see them file into our hall and, with smiles all over, take their places at the tea tables. The tea and all the good things soon disappeared, and the boys said that they had had "a jolly blow out" which they should never forget. We had a happy time together after tea. We sang our favourite hymns; I had a parting talk with them, and was able to give each boy a little packet contain-

ing *Ashore and Afloat*, and some other nice reading, and to shake each one by the hand before he left.

A boy from H.M.S. *Impregnable* writes:

"DEAR MISS WESTON,—I know that my liberty in communicating with you personally will be forgiven. I wish to become a member of the R.N. Purity Society, and I have filled in the back page of the little book given to me by yourself on Saturday last. I am already a member of your R.N. Temperance Society, and I have great pleasure in forwarding you the names of two other boys. You see that I am carrying out some of your wishes in writing to you. Last Saturday was the first time that I had seen you, and I have begun to look upon you as my second mother. I do not mean that my mother is dead, but my mother comes first, and you second. If you write to me, and do not mind, I shall

be glad to forward your letter to my mother."

I was glad indeed to send cards of membership for our naval societies to himself and his messmates, and to write a sympathising letter to the lad and his mother.

And so the young sailors come under our influence, and then leave us for distant climes, but they do not forget us or the Sailors' Rests; and we follow after them as far as we can for good, and link them on to the Royal Naval Temperance Society and Royal Naval Christian Union, on ships in every part of the wide world.

A ship's corporal on board one of His Majesty's ships said to the master-at-arms, "One of those little chaps kneels under his hammock every night at prayer; I wish that I was like him. It's the way my mother taught me, but I've not carried it out."

We calculate, roughly, that about two million sailor boys have passed through our hands during the years that we have worked among them. Many have gone aloft, and we are looking forward to meet them again when the great muster day comes.

You will not be satisfied, I am sure, unless I tell you something about our Royal Sailors' Rests—those great coffee palaces for Jack which we have built, and have kept going for over thirty years.

I hope that if any of my readers are at Portsmouth or Devonport they will include a visit to the Royal Sailors' Rest in their sightseeing. They are open every day, except Sunday, from ten till four o'clock, without charge, to anyone wishing to see them. It is good to see the bluejackets flocking in, and to know that hundreds of beds are booked.

"Where are you bound, old chap?" asked one jolly blue of another in Fore Street, Devonport.

"Why, to the Sailors' Rest, to be sure," was the answer. "Clean beds, and jolly comfortable; only one fault—that there's too much sleep in them, and you don't want to turn out in the morning!"

I am glad to say that our Sailors' Rests continue entirely self-supporting. It is very important that this should be so; but it makes very hard work for Miss Wintz and

her enthusiastic staff of helpers. They toil day and night. It will give some small idea of our night's work at Devonport when I say that 620 men were sleeping in bed, and 840 on the floors, with their boots for their pillows—1,460 men in all. We keep the rooms warm with radiators, and serve out brown blankets. Men were lying under the tables like herrings in barrels, and some sportive bluejackets, having placed chairs on the tables, and inserted their heads among the rungs, slept quietly. At six o'clock in the morning there is the grand



MISS AGNES E. WESTON, LL.D., "THE SAILORS' FRIEND."

turn out, men off to their boats and ships, snatching a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and butter on the way. Our coffee bar is open at five o'clock, so that no man need go to a public-house because he cannot get a cup of hot coffee at the Sailors' Rest.

These Sailors' Rests are hives of work, as well as homes for Jack. Our sailors' wives' meeting is nearly 700 strong. We have a Boys' Brigade for sailors' sons—smart, bright little fellows; a branch of the Royal Naval Temperance Society; a Girls' Guild for the daughters; and classes, meetings, and entertainments of all sorts. I hope sincerely that we shall always go on growing and developing.

Christmas and the New Year is always a bright time. We have our Christmas parties, and Christmas trees for Jack, his wife, and family, and a little Christmas present for each. Kind friends all over the country send us nice useful little gifts to the number of many thousands. The Prince

and Princess of Wales always send a splendid box, and their kindness delights the hearts of our naval men, who always look on the Prince as belonging to the Navy.

I should like to interest my readers in a new development at Portsmouth. A public-house called "The French Maid" adjoined our building. Why such a pretty name was given to her I cannot say, but for many years she was a great trouble and sorrow to us, standing at our very side door and tempting men and boys.

This public-house is a low, long

building, with the inevitable red lamp over the door. Inside are many rooms beside the bar, and at the back a small music-hall, with a stage and several other appurtenances that I should not care to describe. This public-house, after passing through many phases, lost its licence. Then seemed our opportunity to get it, as it might have been annexed by another public-house for billiard-rooms, etc. It was then and there, or not at

all, so I advanced money and bought it. It is now in the possession of myself and Miss Wintz, and will eventually be handed over to our trustees.

As we have done before so we hope to do again, and in place of "The French Maid" we shall build a large block of cabins and rooms. These cabins will be in direct communication with our Diamond Jubilee Block and with the rest of our buildings.

I have now to raise the purchase money, and then the money to build the block. Whether the members of the League of Loving

Hearts would like to have a cabin or room in the ex-"French Maid" I do not know. Our cabins and rooms are all given in perpetuity by kind friends, and a brass is placed on the door, with a suitable inscription. One of the cabins we love greatly is inscribed, "Given by Queen Victoria, 1894." The cabins cost thirty guineas to endow, the rooms fifty guineas. This Portsmouth public-house is the fourth that I have been able to buy and rebuild; the others are "The Naval Rendezvous," "The Fountain," and "The Dock Gates Inn."



MANY SAILORS SPEND THEIR "CHRISTMAS LEAVE" AT THE SAILORS' REST.

The above picture shows a cabin for which the charge is only 6d. a night. The cabin is dedicated to Prince Henry of Prussia, whose portrait is on the wall.



(Photo: R. N. S. S.)

MISS WESTON PRESENTING LIEUTENANT BARRETT, R.N., WITH THE LONG SERVICE TEMPERANCE MEDAL.
The boys of the Naval Cadet Corps, which is recruited from the sons of naval men, are in attendance, so that the incident may be imprinted on their minds.



(Photo: R. N. S. S.)

MISS WESTON VISITING BLUEJACKETS ON BOARD SHIP.

The Ordeal of Cicely Blunt

A Complete Story

By L. T. MEADE

IT was the magic hour of evening. I had just finished my usual day's occupations. My rooms were neat and tidy. The time of year was December, and Christmas Day was one week off. I put on my jacket and hat, and went out.

I meant to pay a visit to my special friend, Cicely Blunt. Cicely was to be married on Christmas Eve, and would doubtless have a great deal to say to me. We had been schoolgirls together, and afterwards had often met. We lived in the same town; but Cicely's people were well off, and occupied a large house in a fashionable road, whereas I was very poor and an orphan, and only made two ends meet precariously by teaching. I was proud, and would not accept help from anyone, and even my great friend, Cicely, could not read my heart.

She little guessed now, as I walked quickly through the busy streets, that there was an ache in my breast which could scarcely be consoled. The fact was this: I loved with all the strength and passion of a most passionate nature the man whom Cicely was about to marry. There was a time in the past when I hoped against hope that he cared for me. There were wonderful moments when I read, or thought I read, a secret in his eyes—when a wild, delirious joy filled me.

But all these things were over. Cicely was engaged to Harold Dacre. They were to be married very soon, and I had gone now with the intention of buying a wedding present for my friend. I would take the present to her myself, and wish her joy, and kiss her pretty lips. I had been asked to attend the wedding, but I felt that I could not bear that. I accepted the invitation in order to avoid comments on my not doing so; but meant, when the morning arrived, to make an excuse—plead illness, or anything else—and simply not appear at the church. I knew well that there were limits to my endurance. Try hard as I would, I could not get over the fact that I loved Harold; that, notwithstanding his engagement to Cicely, I still

loved him deeply; and that in consequence I could not possibly stand up in church and see my greatest girl friend and the man I adored united for all time to each other.

No one guessed my secret. I was not the sort of girl to make friends easily. Cicely was my only friend; and she, dear little creature, would be the very last to suspect my love.

"That love will die a natural death when they are married," I kept repeating to myself; "but just now it hurts—yes, it hurts dreadfully."

Then I entered a shop that stood invitingly open, and bought four little flower vases for Cicely. I spent ten shillings on the vases—a large amount of money out of my humble store. They were pretty, and delicate, and I thought would look nice on my friend's dinner table. The vases were wrapped up carefully by the shopman, and I then started off to take them to Cicely.

She was an only child, and her father and mother could not make enough of her. When I rang the door bell, Cicely herself, to my surprise, appeared.

"Why, Margaret!" she said. "I am glad to see you. Come in, come in. I thought I should have such a dull evening, for father and mother are out, and I have just had a line from Harold, telling me not to expect him. I can't think why he does not come, for I have ever so many beautiful presents to show him. They arrive in crowds. I am perfectly tired of writing letters of thanks for them. You must look at them, Margaret. Oh, I am pleased that you are here. I don't feel a bit lonely now that I see your dear face again."

I entered the house, and Cicely took me to the drawing-room, which looked littered and untidy.

"Do take a chair," she said. "You must excuse this room; but we have been opening parcels here all day. The presents will be exhibited in father's study on the day. Oh, it is nice to see you again! Hal and I have been wondering why you never come to see me; but I suppose you are too busy. I always

tell Hal that he must remember you are a very important member of society—earning your own living, and teaching girls the best and most important things in life. Oh, you are so different from little silly me. Hal says you are a splendid girl, and about the handsomest he ever met. Why—what is the matter, Mags? How you change colour!"

"These are hard days at my school," I answered. "At the end of term one always has a lot of papers to correct. I own that I am tired, but there is nothing much the matter."

Cicely continued to gaze at me in an odd, suspicious sort of way.

"I cannot see why being tired should make you turn so rosy red," she replied. "I can at least tell you that Hal's words were not mere flattery, for I never saw anyone more downright in earnest than he was when he spoke of you. Oh, there you are—getting red again."

"Nonsense!" I answered hastily. "The wind was cold to-night, and it has caught my cheeks. Let us talk about your affairs, not mine. Cicely darling, I have brought you a wee present."

"Oh, Mags, but you ought not," she cried. "Oh, you are just too good! How am I ever to thank you? What an exciting-looking parcel! May I open it? I love opening parcels. What can be inside? I just adore guessing. Oh—oh—what little beauties! Won't Hal and I love them? They will look too beautiful on our dinner-table. I'll show them to Hal the first minute he comes in, and I am sure he'll like them all the better because they come from you, and because you have earned them for us. But you ought not to spend your hardy acquired money on us, Mags."

"I want you to have them," I said, "and I only wish they were ten thousand times better." I rose as I spoke. "Now I must go. Good-bye. God bless you."

Cicely knit her pretty dark brows together.

"But why must you go?" she cried. "I have so many things to tell you, and you have only just come. Why should you leave so early?"

"I must get home," I answered.

"What nonsense! Your work must be done for to-day. Please stay for a little

bit, Maggie; for I really and truly have something most important to talk over with you. I have not breathed it to a soul, and of course I am the very happiest and most lucky girl in the world; but there is something about Hal—something about him that makes me feel—I can't exactly tell you—but anxious, now and then."

"Why anxious, dear?" I asked. All inclination to leave Cicely had left me.

"Well, that is it—I cannot explain. There are times when I wonder if I shall really make him happy. There are times, again, when I wonder if he will make me happy."

"Oh, Cicely—don't talk like that! Why, of course you would make any man happy, and Harold is devoted to you."

"He must be," she replied; "only sometimes I—well, I doubt, and I get puzzled. Margaret, there isn't much in me, but on one point I am resolved. I will not marry Hal—no, although it is so close to our wedding day—if I am not positive that he loves me best of all. I am not much—I know that quite well—but my husband must love me first and best—yes, best of all."

"And he does, dear; he has proved it."

She did not seem to hear my words. Her little face was full of thought, and even pain.

"Why did he not come here to-night?" she said, after a pause. "I cannot imagine why he is away."

"You are fanciful, Cicely. You are approaching a great crisis in your life, and little things upset you."

"No, Margaret, no—I am not a bit fanciful; but I tell you plainly I would rather have no wedding. I would rather be an old maid all my days than marry Hal if he did not love me best. Now, listen, Margaret Ross. This is Wednesday, and we are to be married next Tuesday. If, between these days, in any possible way it reaches your ears that my Harold cares more for another woman than for me, I charge you to let me know. I want you, Margaret, to take a vow, here and now, that you will tell me."

"Your Harold does love you best in all the world," I said quickly. "Show me some of your wedding presents. Let's talk of something else."

"Not before you have made me your promise," she said, with a queer, wild light in her blue eyes. "If, between now

and Tuesday, you suspect or find out that Harold Dacre loves another woman better than me, you will come and tell me—even at the eleventh hour. Promise!"

"I cannot think what is the matter with you, Cicely. Of course I will make a promise which I shall never have to keep."

"Swear it," said Cicely. "Swear it—and satisfy my heart. Say these words: 'I will tell Cicely Blunt if there is another woman that her Harold loves better than her. I will do this, even if I have to tell her on the morning of her wedding-day.' Take an oath on it, Margaret, and make me happy."

"Anything to please you," I said; "but you are very queer, and unlike yourself to-night."

"I shall be all right after you have made your vow."

Then I repeated the words after her, while she looked at me intently, the crimson colour deepening in her pretty cheeks and her eyes growing strangely bright. Immediately afterwards she became lively and looked like her old self. I stayed with her for about an hour, and then took my leave.

I felt depressed and anxious. I did not like to think of the vow Cicely had forced me to make. There was no doubt whatever that Cicely, during our recent interview, had been very unlike herself. Hitherto, much as I had loved her, I had considered her a sweet, most amiable, very pretty, doll-like little creature. But to-night passion trembled in her words, and passion shone in her eyes.

I reached home, to be told that a gentleman was waiting to see me. I ran upstairs, and found myself confronted by Harold Dacre. Now it so happened that I had not seen Harold since his engagement to Cicely, and he had certainly never called on me in my rooms before. He greeted me without a word of apology.

"I know where you have been," he said. "I have been waiting for nearly an hour."

"Yes?" I queried. I caught my breath hard. I knew well that my heart was beating too fast.

"Sit down," he said. He took my hand, and led me to a chair. My own trembled in his, then grew quiet. He dropped it suddenly. He stood close to me, quite silent, as though he were strug-

gling with himself. Then he said, abruptly:

"Margaret, I love you—not Cicely. I have never loved Cicely. I will marry her next Tuesday, because I have given my promise. But I want you at least to know the truth. You, and you alone, are the woman I love."

When he had finished saying these words, he became absolutely silent, his eyes fixed steadfastly on my face.

"She need never know," he continued; "she is not the sort of girl to find out. I will take good care that she never does find out; but you, at least, must know the truth."

It was with great difficulty I could find my voice. Then I said, in a choking sort of whisper:

"Why did you ask Cicely to marry you?"

"I don't know. I was mad, I suppose, and—and—oh, I have nothing to say; I cannot defend myself. She is the very sweetest girl, but you are the woman I love. There! I have told you at last. She need never know—she must never know."

"She must know," I said then.

"She must know?" he repeated. "Margaret, what do you mean?"

"Mr. Dacre, Cicely must know the truth. All my life she has been my dearest friend. I saw her, as you surmised, to-night. She is not the doll you take her for. She is a woman, and a loving one. She has had her suspicions. A woman, when she cares for a man, sees deep down into his nature, and she saw down into yours. She spoke to me about her feelings to-night. She even made me take a vow. I did not want to take it, but she made me. She got me to promise solemnly that if by any chance I guessed that there was another woman in the world whom you loved better than you love her, I would let her know, even if the knowledge came to her on the morning of her wedding day. I must let her know, for I have vowed to do it. I must keep my word. Oh—oh,—that it should be me!"

Tears struggled to my eyes, but did not fall; for just at that moment there was a slight noise near the door, which was opened softly. We both turned our gaze towards it, and there we saw Cicely. Her little face was white as death, but she came steadily forward.



(Drawn by Francis Hodge.)

"The door was opened softly. We both turned our gaze towards it, and there we saw Cicely."

"Margaret," she said, "I was restless after you left, and remembered that there was something that I had forgotten to say to you, so I sent for a cab and came on here." She paused. "I am glad I came," she continued. Harold Dacre and I were both silent. "I am not ashamed to own it: I heard voices. I knew them both—yes, both; and I listened for a minute at the door. Margaret, I heard your words." For half a minute her eyes rested on the face of Harold. "Why did you not tell me the truth," she said to him, "as you told her?"

"Forgive me!" he cried. "Cicely, why did you listen? I meant to do all that man could to make you a good husband."

She turned from him. She was trembling so much that I thought she would fall. I put my arm round her little waist.

"Cicely, I said, 'do you think I will marry Harold Dacre?'"

At these words she wrested herself away from me. She turned and faced me. The expression in her eyes was quite firm, and even gentle.

"And why should you not marry him, Margaret?" she said. "He loves you. He has told you so; and you love him. I know it. I have guessed it for some time. And now I want to say one thing in his favour. Never once, during the short time of our courtship, did he tell me that he loved me. He would never have asked me

to be his wife, but that my father spoke to him. My dear father imagined that I loved him, and that he loved me, when all the time it was really you he loved. If he is to blame, he is only a little to blame. Think of the horror of my position if I had become his wife and found out the truth afterwards! I did think I loved him, but of late I have had my doubts—my moments of strange uneasiness. That was why I made you take that vow to-night, Margaret; for the man I marry, if I ever marry, must give me his whole heart. I won't share that heart with you, or with anyone. Margaret, I shall always love you; and, Harold, I shall care for you as Margaret's husband. Good-bye."

She left us.

Three months later I was married to Harold Dacre, and Cicely attended our wedding. It was very quiet, for I did not possess many friends. But Cicely stood by my side, and looked at me with her bright eyes, and whispered to me afterwards that all was well.

"I had a great escape," she said, "a great and awful escape. I could not have borne to be second to anyone; and I think—I hope—that some day, perhaps—" She blushed and coloured, and never finished her sentence, but I guessed what she meant.

There was another man who cared for her, and for her alone. Meanwhile, I was the happiest woman in all the world.

LIFE'S ROSARY

A LITTLE heap of gems that Age could hold

Within the hollow of his wrinkled hand,
Once threaded on a string of purest gold,
And eloquent of many a varied land.

Here the meek turquoise, delicate and fair,

Serenely gentle, changeless as the truth,

Most like the sunlit blue, the balmy air,
That do enfold us in the Land of Youth.

And next a blaze of all that is most rare
Of priceless jewels, many coloured fires
Of lambent heat, unsteady as the glare
That lights the Valley of the Heart's Desires.

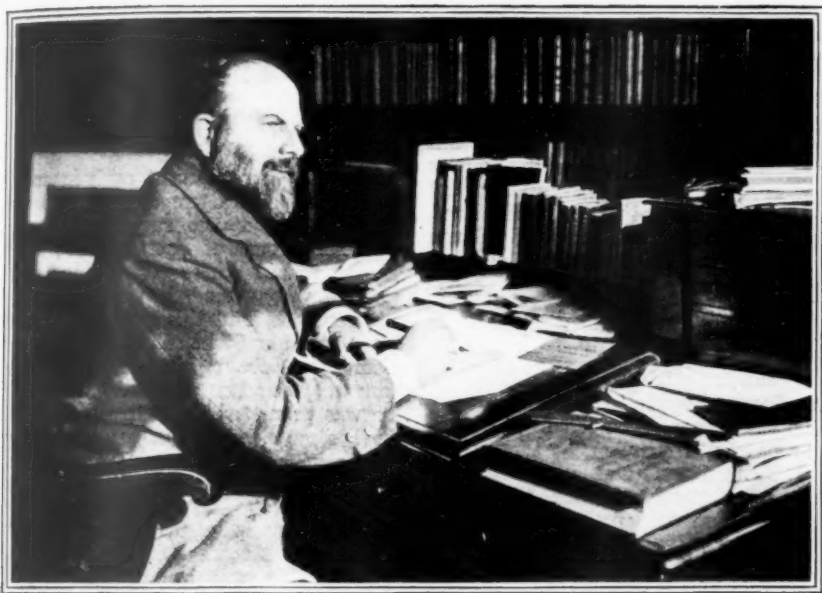
These garnered, what remains for later years?

The gold dust clogging all the wheels of life,

With here a pearl to mark our unshed tears,
And here a ruby burning fierce with strife?

The thread of Life runs thin; in pensive gloom
One bead still trembles on the slackening cord,
No jewel, but a seed which yet shall bloom
In living radiance at the quickening Word.

JENNINGS CASTON.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

SIR JOHN KIRK DEALING WITH A HEAVY MORNING'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The Story of My Life

By SIR JOHN KIRK

III.—Some Old Comrades

EVERY man who has lived through six decades must of necessity have a storehouse of memories of men and women. Those like myself, whose lot has been cast in association with public organisations, have an especially wide field of remembrance. I will endeavour to recall some of those I met in the early stages of my career, and who have now passed beyond mortal ken. A very picturesque figure of the mid-Victorian era was

Rob Roy MacGregor

He was a bracing, rather dogmatic type of man, and a skilled athlete. He was one of the early recruits of the Volunteer movement, and became a crack shot. But he won fame chiefly as a canoeist. He set the fashion, and canoe clubs became the vogue, the Prince of Wales (our present King) becoming Commodore. Mr. MacGregor delighted in travelling

alone, storing provisions on his frail craft, and roaming all over Europe by its river waterways. When he had accomplished many thousand miles in this fashion, he turned his face eastward and explored Palestine. His volume, "Rob Roy on the Jordan," became quite a classic. The subject came near to his heart.

Strangely compounded in nature, he was a devoted upholder of orthodoxy, and an equally acute controversialist against Romanists and Mormons. In London he moved about among various ragged schools, and when the afternoon teaching was closed he would go into the courts and alleys, with his open Bible in hand, and speak to the people who peered from doors and windows. It was this method that led, in fact, to the establishment of the Open Air Mission, of which, following Mr. Gawin Kirkham, I was secretary for seven years.

"Rob Roy," who was a barrister of comfortable means, lectured a good deal on returning from his canoe tours. On some of these occasions I accompanied him, being generally asked to read, as an introduction, some portion of the Old Testament, which he, attired in Arab or other costume, would illustrate and enlarge on from his knowledge of the East. He had a positive craze for sturdy Saxon speech, and he showed it one evening at a children's party at Blackheath. When a lantern reading of Hesba Stretton's popular story, "Jessica's First Prayer," was given, he remarked, "Yes, very good, very good; only it wants translating into plain Saxon English."

Mr. MacGregor was a remarkable man, and a devoted henchman, by the way, of Lord Shaftesbury. One day he would be rubbing shoulders with the editor of *Punch* and the next he would be found distributing tracts. On the formation of the London School Board in 1870 he became a member, and founded amongst the members a meeting for prayer prior to the weekly sitting. This was actually continued until the absorption of the Board by the London County Council.

Judge Payne,

another prominent ragged school friend, was the deputy judge of the Clerkenwell Sessions, a position of great responsibility. He was as able as he was eccentric, and had such a remarkable gift of versification as to be called "the poet laureate of the ragged school movement." In almost any place, at almost any time, he could speak in the rhyme of "John Gilpin," and the ninth annual report of the Open Air Mission records that Mr. Payne read his 1738th poetic effusion. Because of his great popularity he was always placed last on the programme in order to retain the audience. In appearance he was a fat, chubby, clean-shaven little man, beaming with intelligence and cheerfulness. He was highly ingenious and alliterative in his compositions, and some of his jokes were so good as to be quoted to this day. Like Martin Tupper, he spoke in proverbial phrase, but with more vivacity than that philosopher. He was a genuinely religious man, doing good on every hand. Present at the

first annual meeting of the Ragged School Union in 1845, he was rarely absent in succeeding years. He died in 1870, and there was a great gathering at his funeral in Highgate Cemetery.

A Shoe Lace Vendor

From a very different rank in society sprang an odd, decrepit man who used to stand outside the ragged school in a congested court of East London, selling shoelaces. In those days the young gamins who attended were rough and obstreperous, and this man would in er-pose occasionally in aid of the teachers. Something about his personality gave him weight and ensured order. Presently he was prompted to go inside, and later he became a teacher in the night school held during the week. His learning was limited, but he rendered splendid service, developing the rare gift of managing rough boys. One of his sons became a day school teacher in another ragged school. He organised a wood-chopping brigade, and for forty years toiled on behalf of his fellows, winning the esteem and friendship of hundreds of pupils. At times they returned to express their gratitude, and to talk over their early experiences. One day there entered a tall, soldierly man, who asked:

"Do you remember me?"

"Surely you are not Jim?" replied the master.

"Yes, I am," was the response, "and I should have known you, teacher, in any part of the world. I've never forgotten the flavour of those hot potatoes your good wife gave to me when I first came to you, a miserably cold, hungry lad."

A Noble Helper

was a similarly earnest worker of the other sex. She laboured long and well, and was generally beloved, though the lads would rudely call after her "Old Mother Gum!" She was typical of the class of poorly educated but earnest, godly men and women who were teachers in the day ragged schools of fifty and sixty years ago. Her lot was cast in Saffron Hill, the Italian colony, which in those days was a slum indeed. It has now greatly improved under inspection; but in that day the organ grinders, many of whom married slatternly English

women, were poor, and their children in wretched condition. Mrs. P——, before her marriage, was a factory hand in the City, but became a worker in Saffron Hill. Her fellow-workers guaranteed her the extravagant salary of £30 a year, and she left the City. Her schoolhouse was a little warehouse built over the great ditch which ran through the Saffron Valley, and through the cracks between the floorboards could be seen the water and rats. These things were not conducive to effective teaching, even had the mistress been "clothed in certificates," but her loving spirit sowed many a good seed of character.

Not too soon was Mr. Forster's Education Act passed, but it fell heavily on such veterans. This good woman was only saved from the workhouse by a collection made among a few Ragged School Union friends.

From Spitalfields
to Stratford-on-Avon

I remember another day school teacher in Haggerston, to whose worth testimony is abundantly borne by old scholars, many of them now respectable citizens of Dalston, and one the proprietor of an establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard. He was a man of peculiar outward appearance, but of exceedingly good heart, and he had a patch of baldness that often caused amusement.

A few months ago I was surprised to receive a visit from a former day school

teacher, now an octogenarian. I did not recognise him until he asked:

"Did you know Mr. M——, of Spitalfields?"

"You mean that harum-scarum fellow?" was my rude remark.

"That's me," he said smilingly. "I'm the man, and I came up to the Mansion

House meeting from Stratford-on-Avon, where I am in charge of a little church."

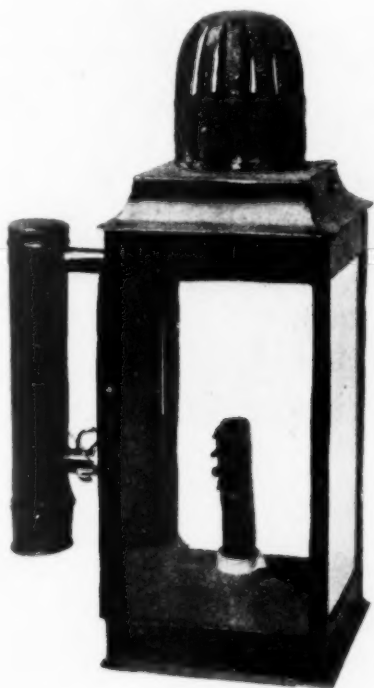
Then we spent a pleasant hour in comparing notes of olden days.

At Ratcliff

In a railway arch at Ratcliff a vigorous little woman, as day school teacher, was a veritable "mother in Israel" to poor boys and girls. The rector of the parish, an old Bluecoat boy, aided by her, did a wonderful work in the district, influencing the homes of the poor folk and assisting them by the help received from friends. The Education Act closed that school, which by no stretch of imagination could be deemed efficient, with trains

rattling overhead, rats much too conspicuous, and the light always dim, if not religious.

Some of the workers were better equipped in mind. I recall a City missionary, married to a cultured little woman. He had a very high opinion of himself, and his wife told me once, "After all, my husband can give as good a Scripture Lesson as anybody, but I wouldn't tell him so for the world!"



ROBERT RAIKES'S LANTERN—ONE OF SIR JOHN KIRK'S TREASURES.

The founder of workmen's clubs was, it has frequently been averred, a lady whose maiden name was Adeline Cooper, and who subsequently married an artist of repute, Mr. Barker Harrison. Miss Adeline Cooper was a woman of great originality and ability, a good linguist, a clever musician, and gifted with an excellent voice. I remember the little curls she wore in the fashion of women of the mid-century. She did a bold thing for that epoch, in going down to the Westminster slums, and enlisted the occasional services of that curious personality, Laurence Oliphant.

With the help of the then Marquis of Westminster, she bought up the interest of "The One Tun" public-house, at that time a notable thieves' den, and transformed it into a ragged school, as Dr. Barnardo did later with "The Edinburgh Castle" in the East End. Many agencies were set afoot, including a workmen's club or institute; here also were erected the first workmen's dwellings.

Miss Cooper wielded a vigorous pen, and counted the Baroness Burdett-Coutts among her most valued co-operators. To the annual meetings came Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Robert Carden, and Judge Payne, whose portraits, painted by Mr. Barker Harrison, now hang in our Council parlour at John Street.

These anniversaries were great occasions. Mrs. Harrison believed in the value of memorising Scripture, and many of the children repeated verses, and exhibited specimens of their work. On one occasion night-shirts were presented to Sir Robert Carden, and he walked on



TWO OLD FRIENDS: CHAIRS PRESENTED SEVERAL YEARS AGO TO SIR JOHN KIRK.

to the platform with one over his coat, amid roars of laughter. But the frowns of Lord Shaftesbury, the austere chairman, caused him to beat a speedy retreat.

Mrs. Harrison outlived all her friends, and bequeathed her possessions to some of the teachers, amongst whom was a blind Scripture reader, quite a remarkable character in his way.

(To be continued.)



A Country Corner

By AMY LE FEUVRE

Author of "Probable Sons," "Teddy's Button," etc.

SYNOPSIS

The chief characters in this story are Rosemary and Penelope Mowbray, who break away from the control of their lady guardian, and hunt out their brother Laurence in his country corner. Laurence, much older than they, and almost a hermit, does not welcome their arrival, but he is cajoled into altering his plans for sending them back, and offers to allow them to remain with him for a month. At the Welcome Club, which he holds once a week, the two girls meet his friends—Sir Anthony Forrester, Major Willoughby, whose life seems to hold a hidden tragedy, and Mr. Bruce Talbot. Hanging about the village is Moses Vance, a churlish, shrewd old fellow, with a disposition to grumble at most people, especially women folk. With her brother's permission Rosemary begins gardening operations in a wood, and plans out her work for many months to come. While wandering on the moor one day she is shrouded in mist, and encounters a mysterious lady, who speaks most bitterly of her lot in life. Rosemary proffers her sympathy and help, but they are declined. On her return home she tells of her adventure, and Penelope declares the stranger to be Major Willoughby's mysterious wife. Laurence will neither confirm nor deny the statement, but abruptly leaves the room. A few days later the girls are visited by Miss Stanhope, a neighbour, "a most uninteresting, unpleasant young woman," whom neither of the girls wishes to see again. But Sir Anthony persuades them to let him drive them over to Hawkhurst, where Miss Stanhope lives in wealth and luxury, and the visit somewhat changes their view, although they are still puzzled as to their hostess's real character.

CHAPTER IX

A VISITOR FROM TOWN

"A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

ON the following Wednesday the girls walked over to Sir Anthony's home. They had often passed the little grey stone farm overlooking the moor. It was surrounded by a grey granite wall, and when they opened the gate they found themselves in a small well-kept garden, with hardy shrubs and a few late chrysanthemums in the flower-beds. Sir Anthony himself opened the door to them, and took them through rather a narrow hall into his drawing-room, which had the look and feel of a room that was more shut up than used. It was a long low room, and had a few choice pictures on the walls. There were two windows looking into the garden, and one at the end overlooked the moor; the carpet was covered with an old-fashioned holland drugget; the chairs and couch were also in linen coverings. If it had not been for a bright fire blazing in the grate, and a lively-looking old lady sitting up with her knitting and enjoying the warmth of it, the room would have had a depressing, chilling effect on the girls. As it was, they sat down, and were soon chatting and laughing with Miss Forrester as if they had known her all their lives.

"I hear you are fresh arrivals in this outlandish country," the old lady said, looking over the top of her gold spectacles at them. "You look fresh, I am sure; but don't stay

here till you get a veneer of mould over you, like my good nephew here. I should be ashamed to walk up Bond Street with him. I contrast him with the Anthony I knew about ten years ago; the bright young fellow who went the pace, as they say, dressed in the height of fashion, popular in society, always ready to take his old aunt to a theatre, and lavish with his money, and I cannot for the life of me piece his life now with that one."

"Now, Aunt, personal topics are to be avoided! I want Miss Rosemary to tell you about her wood garden. Miss Penelope, will you come and see my greenhouse? I know you are as fond of flowers indoors as your sister is of them out of doors."

"I shall be delighted," said Penelope, following him out of the room. "Rosemary and I were hoping you would show us round. I suppose it is rather childish, but we do enjoy seeing other people's houses. I always plan in them what I should do if I were in them. I love arranging, don't you?"

"How?"

"Oh, you know! Making a small room look big, and a big room small, and an ugly room pretty. I think I like arranging other things, too. If I see a person in any sort of muddle, I long to put him straight; that's one of the things I enjoy when I visit in the village."

"Ah! I mustn't let you talk too much with my aunt; that is her rôle, managing and arranging for other people. Her efforts to put things straight have sometimes had disastrous effects. If she were aided and abetted by you, she would take this neigh-

, Copyright, 1908, by Amy Le Feuvre in the United States of America.

bourhood in hand, and then we should have a fiasco!"

"Do tell me," said Penelope, looking at him with laughter in her eyes, "whom would she take in hand first? And what would happen? Perhaps," she added audaciously, "she would marry you to Miss Stanhope, and insist upon seeing Mrs. Willoughby, and make her and the vicar give a social entertainment together!"

Sir Anthony laughed. He took her all over his garden and farm, and Penelope's bright talk amused and interested him.

Meanwhile Rosemary was improving Miss Forrester's acquaintance. She was certainly rather a startling old lady. Directly her nephew had left the room with Penelope, she turned to Rosemary and laid her hand impressively on her arm.

"My dear, don't either you or your sister think of marrying him. He isn't safe!"

Rosemary laughed.

"Isn't he?" she said. "I don't think either of us is contemplating it."

"That is well. No. He is a little bit queer." Here she tapped her own forehead significantly. "Do you know, before he moved down here he came into a fortune? Where it has gone, goodness only knows. I know he had debts, but those were soon paid off. It's my belief he is just squandering it on begging appeals, or else hoarding it. I have watched his post come in these two days I have been here. My dear! his letters and circulars fill half our breakfast-table. I took a quiet squint at a few of them, and they were from hospitals and homes for incurables and decayed gentlepeople—you know the style. Oh, Anthony's most peculiar—you take my word for it!"

"Everyone likes him here," said Rosemary stoutly: "my brother loves him and doesn't think him a bit queer."

"Tuts! He doesn't know him as I do. Why should he leave all his friends in town and come down here and be a hermit? He could have married so well, too; she was a daughter of Lord Stapleton, and had a nice little fortune of her own. He simply ran away from her!"

"I don't believe he would run away from anyone!" Rosemary's tone was getting indignant. This side of Sir Anthony's life was not to her liking, and she did not want to hear any more about it.

But Miss Forrester would not be snubbed. She nodded her head knowingly.

"Men are very wary nowadays, my dear.

They like to be the chaser, not the chased. She was too eager to be in his company, and he got frightened and fled. I always think, in spite of his many flirtations, his heart was given to poor Enid Aubertin. And when she married, he never cared for anyone after her. It was a *mariage de convenance*. She was as poor as a church mouse, and her father was in debt to this soapmaker or oilman—I forget which, but it was something nasty, I know. Tom Tebbs was his name. Can you imagine a girl changing the name of Aubertin for Tebbs? I know pressure was put upon her. She lived for two years in a Clapham mansion surrounded by his vulgar family, and then in sheer disgust and weariness she pined away and died.

"But to return to Anthony, do you know he has morning prayers with his housekeeper, and gardener, and scullery-maid, like any old parson? And he does it without any apology or explanation. I said to him the first time I saw him at it, 'Are you practising for holy orders?' But he would give me no satisfactory reply. The fact is, my dear, there is a vein of eccentricity in our family; it takes a religious form, and Anthony is bitten very badly by the mania. One of my sisters was the same, and our great-grandmother was a Quakeress. It's in the blood, I suppose. In every generation we have had a fanatic!"

The old lady stopped to draw breath. Rosemary began to defend her friend.

"Sir Anthony always gives us the idea of a quiet simple country gentleman, with high principles and awfully kind consideration for others. We have seen nothing eccentric or fanatical about him!"

Miss Forrester gave her head a little toss.

"Then you haven't seen much of him. Look at his books about the place. Take up that one on the table there, put to tempt and benefit his worldly aunt. 'Confessions of a Restless Soul'! Did you ever hear of such a title? In my young days we were taught that it was very low-bred to mention our souls!"

Rosemary, with a rising colour, took up the book to which Miss Forrester alluded. Then, impulsively, she said, "I should like to read this. I think it is the same book that I saw in another house the other day. Do you think I might borrow it?"

"Oh, ask Anthony, he will be delighted."

"We won't talk about him any more,"

said Rosemary. "May I tell you about my wood garden? Would you like to come and see it?"

Once started on her hobby, Rosemary vied with Miss Forrester in fluency and animation. The old lady listened with great interest and amusement, and when the other two eventually returned, and tea was brought in, she turned to her nephew delightedly:

"You are to be congratulated, Tony, upon having such pretty young neighbours. This garden young lady—does she call herself a gardener?—is really quite interesting. I am going to have tea with her out of doors next Friday. We mean to sit round a fire, like gipsies, and I suppose I shall sow the seeds of a long bout of rheumatism and lumbago just by pretending that I am young enough to enjoy such folly!"

"Oh," said Penelope, "Rosemary makes herself very comfortable, let me tell

you. She has shelters and rugs for herself, and dry footing whenever and wherever she wants it. She was out there the whole day last week in the pouring rain, and at last I took pity on her, and thought I would take her a can of hot soup, expecting to find her like a half-drowned rat! I sallied forth in my mackintosh, got a good soaking before I found her, and then I discovered her in a water-tight tool-house, with a roaring fire, sitting in an easy-chair sorting out seeds and

making labels for her bulbs! And she looked up at me and asked me if it was raining!"

Sir Anthony's tea was a very good one. His housekeeper knew how to entertain visitors, and her scones and cakes were a



"My dear, don't either you or your sister think of marrying him. He isn't safe."

matter of envy to Penelope, who longed to import some of them into her own household. Rosemary did not talk much now; she lost herself in dreams until Sir Anthony took her round his domain in her turn. At the close of it she asked him hesitatingly if she could borrow a book of his. He smiled when he heard the name of it.

"I shall be delighted to lend it to you," he said; "and you must tell me what you think of it."

"I saw it, strangely enough, in Miss Stanhope's drawing-room," said Rosemary, "and I confess it is mostly curiosity that makes me want to read it, for she is the last person I should have thought likely to have such a book. She found it out of doors somewhere in the park, she told me. Is it a well-known book?"

"I don't fancy so. I have not had my copy very long."

Miss Forrester took different tactics with Penelope.

"What have you two young ladies come down to these parts for? Not like London? I never heard of such a thing! How are you to get husbands down in these wilds? I have been here before, and I know the barren state of society round about. Let me see, there's that young Talbot—estate agent, isn't he? He might do for one of you; and there's the vicar, the poor little frightened vicar. How do you think he might suit you? Could you reform him and instil self-confidence into his shrinking little form? And have you seen this mysterious Mrs. Willoughby? I suppose she drinks—doesn't she?—and they have to keep her under lock and key. When is your brother coming home? I liked him when I saw him. He seems a gentleman, and has some brains."

"Laurence comes home next week. If Rosemary has you one day, I hope you will let me have you another. Will you come to tea with me one afternoon?"

"Certainly, I will. I love going out to tea; and I will come by myself. Tony is rather a wet blanket. I'll send him out shooting. I can't stand more than a week with him, so I shall soon be back in town. Now tell me about yourselves. I am very interested in all young people, and I like your looks. I am a student of human nature. Before I have talked to anyone for ten minutes I know what they are like. You are more practical than your sister, and you take life easier; she is always asking the why and wherefore of it all; you take things as they come and make the best of them."

"I really am quite frightened of you, Miss Forrester, you are so clever!"

And Penelope's merry laugh rang out. She thoroughly enjoyed the old lady, and was surprised when Rosemary expressed a dislike of her.

"I think she is great fun. She says things out so!"

"Yes, but I wish she wouldn't say them;

and she speaks so horridly about Sir Anthony."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she told me a long story of the life he led in London and the girls he knew long ago. It didn't interest me at all. I hate knowing people's past!"

"Fancy! I should never have thought Sir Anthony had been a society man. What made him settle down here so quietly, I wonder?"

"She said he came into a fortune, and then he buried himself in this place. I don't believe it; I don't believe half she told me!"

"Well, it doesn't matter to us what he was like long ago. He is very nice now, and one of Laurence's greatest friends!"

"Yes," assented Rosemary; and in her heart she mentally added, "And he is one of my friends, and I won't hear or believe anything against him!"

Miss Forrester saw a good deal of both the girls during her short stay. She was charmed with Rosemary's wood, but thought it ought to be transported to one of the London parks instead of being "wasted in the country"! She met Miss Stanhope one day, and insisted upon her coming back to lunch with her, and then confided to Penelope that Philippa Stanhope was a young woman who showed her humble origin by the amount of "side" she put on.

"I know all about her, my dear. She was never born to all this wealth. Haven't you heard the story? Her father was a poor half-pay officer in some line regiment; her mother was a nobody whom he picked up in some foreign station. I think she was governess out there to someone's children. She died shortly after Philippa was born, and the child spent most of her life at a second-rate school near London. Then, when she was sixteen, her father found himself heir to a distant cousin and came into all this property. Miss Philippa changed her school, and three years later burst upon the world as a fashionable heiress. I met her about in town. Her position has turned her head, and I always long to shake her airs and graces out of her. Two years ago her father died, and now everybody is expecting to hear of her marriage. I asked her yesterday, when I saw her, who was going to be the happy man. I mentioned three in town who, I know, would like her fortune, if not herself, but she laughed. Then I suggested your brother or Bruce

Talbot. She was very angry then. So it lies between those two. You can write and tell me which is the favoured one when you know."

Altogether, Miss Forrester was decidedly missed when she went away.

"She gave us a lot of information," Penelope said to her sister. "I can't think where she got it all. She knows far more about our neighbours than we do."

"I think she invents most of it," responded Rosemary, who could not quite forgive the old lady for her utterances about her nephew.

Before Laurence returned Rosemary had had another visit from Miss Stanhope about transforming her wood into a garden, and she had agreed to give two days a week to this task. Miss Stanhope offered her handsome remuneration for her services, which Rosemary frankly accepted.

"You see," she said, "I am not rich, and I want some money badly. Sowing seeds, and planting bulbs, shrubs, and flowers costs a good deal. I want more at present than I can afford to get. Your offer will help me tremendously, so I am very grateful for it, and if your gardeners will carry out my scheme, you ought to have a lovely wood."

When Moses Vance heard this news he shook his head disapprovingly. "Zim tu I," he began, "'tes voolishness makin' 'ee neighbour's property loike tu what 'ee owneth 'eeself. 'Tes a brave pity tu have two o' thickey gardens. Wan be a rare show; two du make they quite ordinary. Miss Stanhope have a park, an' gardens, an' hot-houses, an' her be not content till her wull outdu we! 'Tes voolishness, says I!"

Penelope sided with Moses.

"Why should you slave away for Miss Stanhope? Your wood will be original no longer; she has the money and the labour, and will make her wood ever so much better than yours."

"I don't care," returned Rosemary. "I love planning even better than the actual carrying out. And I shall be able to buy a lot of things I want."

So she went over to Miss Stanhope's, and started her gardeners and workmen, and in the interest of the work she and Miss Stanhope grew very friendly.

One day, as they were walking through the wood together, marking some timber that would have to be cut down, Miss Stanhope remarked, "I want to have it perfect, so we will spare no expense in making it so."

"Can anything be perfect?" exclaimed Rosemary. "It always seems to me that if it were there would be nothing left to live for!"

"What an extraordinary thing to say! Is life only a struggle for what will not come to us? Do you never expect to be successful in anything you undertake?"

"I never am perfectly so. I'm always so dreadfully conscious of my mistakes. But it's the goal in front of one that makes one do and dare!"

"You are an idealist, then? They're always doomed to disappointment. Perhaps our standards of perfection are different. Mine may be lower than yours, for I'm confident I have often reached it."

"I wish I could say that. Penelope tells me I am discontented, but I seem to be always seeing how much better things could be than they are!"

Miss Stanhope was silent for a minute, then she gave a little sigh. "We're strange creatures, aren't we?" she said. "Made up of so many different parts! I can satisfy so many of my tastes, but wealth won't do everything, and I won't say but what I feel like you over certain things."

Rosemary looked at her inquiringly, and her thoughts flew to the little book she had seen her reading. She spoke out at once:

"Do you remember that little book you picked up in the park? I have been reading a copy of it. I like it so much, don't you?"

But Miss Stanhope was not ready yet to give her confidences. She looked at Rosemary in haughty surprise.

"I read so many books that I do not know to which you may be alluding. If this is the last tree to mark we had better return."

And for the rest of the time they were together her talk was confined strictly to the business in hand.

CHAPTER X

BURIED TREASURE

"They who have much to lose have much to fear."
—BURKE.

"I CONSIDER," said Laurence, taking his pipe out of his mouth and lazily refilling it from his tobacco pouch, "that if you wish for immunity from suffering you must keep your circle very large or very small."

It was the first meeting of the Club after his return. Dinner was over, and for once

the ladies' presence was requested in their brother's big sitting-room. Penelope and Rosemary sat with their work at a small table away from the circle of men round the fire, but they were keenly interested in everything that was said, and occasionally made their voices heard.

Someone had remarked how few went through life unwrinkled by care, and Laurence responded at once.

His remark was received in silence; then Bruce Talbot asked him to explain his statement.

"What I mean is this. If we have a big circle of interests and friends, our troubles do not affect us so much. The busy people have no time to brood. Death, our greatest foe, may step in and claim someone we love. We grieve, but the gap is filled by another very soon. A friend may disappoint or cheat us; we turn to another who is sincere. Personal trouble may touch us; we are brought into contact with the trouble of others, and our thoughts fly to them. A big or a wide circle is necessary to happiness."

"That sounds sense," said Major Willoughby. "But what about the small circle?"

"Well, if you 'keep yourself to yourself,' as the lower orders express themselves, and have no relations or friends to miss by death or fickleness, if you have no love for any other human being, you will have no disappointment or heartache, no anxiety about anyone—and you save yourself an infinite amount of trouble."

"You would in that case get your own health on your brain, and suffer from imaginary diseases," said Sir Anthony. "There is no more pitiful object than one whose circle begins and ends with self."

"Yes," assented Major Willoughby in his cheerful voice; "we're uncommon bad company if we have no outside view."

"But," ventured Rosemary, "some people have plenty of resources in themselves; they can be happier away from others."

"For a time, perhaps; but even Robinson Crusoe was very glad of Friday's companionship. Very few people, as a matter of fact, can stand loneliness. Their characters deteriorate at once."

"I honestly hate being alone," said Bruce Talbot; "get in the blues at once! I hope I shall never be in a prison cell. I should soon become a drivelling imbecile."

"Query—Is it best to shirk trouble, or court it?" said Laurence.

"Best take it as it comes," said Major Willoughby. "Life isn't smooth for most of us, and it's like beating the ocean's waves back with our hands to resist it."

"Well," said Penelope, "Rosemary and I don't know what trouble is. Life, as you all call it, is very kind to us at present. I really don't know what kind of trouble could touch us!"

"Laurence might marry a shrew," said Rosemary, looking at her brother thoughtfully; "and she would turn us out of house and home."

Instead of joining in the laugh that was raised at this, Laurence growled in a surly fashion:

"Women always make a topic personal." Then he went on:

"If trouble and difficulties ennoble the character, why do philosophers try to philosophise them away? I've known people—not Christian Scientists—work themselves into callous and indolent indifference to any worries or perplexities that come to them. They say it is wrong to worry, so they let things go; they present a smiling, unwrinkled brow to the world at large, and think they're conquerors. As a matter of fact, they've shifted their own burdens to the shoulders of those who already have more than their share. They are the shirkers in life."

"Yes; I think the characters one admires most in life are those who shoulder their burdens, but do it cheerfully, and never let the outside world know the weight of them."

Sir Anthony could not help glancing at Major Willoughby as he spoke. Rosemary caught the glance, and partly understood it.

Bruce Talbot laughed out: "I dare say you won't believe it, but I've got the most tremendously heavy burden weighing me to the ground. It keeps me awake at night, and plays havoc with my digestion and temper."

"We don't believe it," cried Penelope.

"Of course you don't, because I hide it so well. I'm a hero, if there's one left in this lazy, selfish age! Would you like to hear what it is?"

But no one seemed curious.

"It's potted butter," he said gravely. "My housekeeper's mother makes it her speciality. I was invited to sample it, and in a weak moment I gave it as my opinion that it was quite delicious. I have it always now, and it's loathsome. Nothing will induce my tyrant to give me fresh butter, and



Drawn by Steven Spurrer.

“‘I consider,’ said Laurence, taking his pipe out of his mouth and lazily refilling it from his tobacco pouch, ‘that if you wish for immunity from suffering you must keep your circle very large or very small’”—p. 355.

when she comes in with a new jar of it and a smiling, complacent face, I yearn to fling it at her, instead of which I play the hypocrite, and curse myself for bringing such a fiendish article to my table!"

"That's a real burden," said Penelope with mock sympathy. "You couldn't have a worse one!"

"I don't agree with you, old fellow," said Sir Anthony, turning to Laurence. "A big circle of interests does not minimise trouble. It seems to me a multiplicity of human beings brings in its train a catalogue of difficulties and woes. The world on the surface seems a gay place, but peel off the outer rind of it, and get to know the real person under his disguise, and the result is rather depressing than otherwise. Widen your circle and become people's confidant, and their tales are pitiful in the extreme."

"You are a pessimist!" said Major Willoughby. Sir Anthony shrugged his shoulders.

"Even our sunny Bruce has his grievance," he said. "And if potted butter is his burden, others have slightly heavier ones. If any man wants to help his fellow-creatures, he is bound to lose his light-heartedness. No, a wide circle does not bring immunity from suffering; a very small one might to some extent, but, as I said before, one's individual woes become gigantic upon continual introspection."

"I think," said Bruce Talbot, trying to hide a yawn, "we're all very dull to-night. Don't let us take to moralising. Tony, you're too good to live! Now, I'll give you a piece of news which will interest the ladies, I know. Do you know that Miss Stanhope has just unearthed some buried treasure?"

Penelope and Rosemary dropped their work at once.

"Yes, I assure you it's a fact. It is through you, Miss Rosemary, that it has come about. You ordained that a certain oak tree in a wood must be felled and uprooted. Yesterday evening one of the workmen came upon a square leather jewel-case that had been buried at the foot of the tree."

"Oh!" cried Rosemary, "how I wish I had been there! Were there really jewels in it?"

"No one quite knows. I have not seen Miss Stanhope yet, but the news is all over the village. The head gardener took possession of the case, and carried it straight up to the house."

"It was just six years ago that there was the robbery at that house," Laurence said.

"You were here then, Tony."

"Yes, I had just come. The old lady died from the fright of it, didn't she? Her heart was weak."

"Was that Miss Stanhope's old cousin?" asked Penelope. "Your aunt told us about her, Sir Anthony. She left the property to Miss Stanhope's father, didn't she? But we never heard how she died."

"It was heart failure," said Laurence; "but she was upset by the loss of her jewellery. She didn't see signs of the burglars, only woke in the middle of the night to find her window wide open, and when her maid came at her call they found her jewel-case had been taken. She died the following week. Some jewels were eventually traced, I believe, but not all. I suppose they must have buried what they could not take away."

"It's awfully interesting," said Rosemary. "I am going over to-morrow to the wood, so I shall hear all about it. I suppose the jewels will belong to Miss Stanhope. Dear me! How lucky some people are! Money always comes to those who have money. Why should I not find buried treasure in my wood?"

"It wouldn't be yours if you did," said her brother. "It would go to the Crown."

The girls were keenly interested in this bit of news, and when Rosemary set out the next morning for "The Cedars," as Miss Stanhope's house was called, Penelope longed to be accompanying her.

Miss Stanhope always sent her dog-cart over for Rosemary, and very often came out herself when she arrived, and walked to the wood with her. But this morning there was no sign of her. The head gardener—Hunter by name—was there to receive instructions, and he took Rosemary at once to the tree, and pointed out to her where the case had been found.

"I took it up to the house myself, miss. There seemed to be some papers in it, besides some jools. It must have rightly belonged to the old lady aforetime, and the thieves who burgled afore she died must have hidden it there, and then been too frightened to fetch it."

Rosemary thought it best not to discuss the matter with him. She attended to the work in hand, and was soon quite engrossed in her task.

Before she left, she sent a message in to

ask if Miss Stanhope wished to see her, and was told, after a considerable time of waiting, that Miss Stanhope would be down very shortly.

Rosemary waited in the morning-room, and when Miss Stanhope came in she was startled at her appearance. Her face was white and haggard, and there were dark circles round her eyes. She greeted Rosemary very quietly and rather coldly.

"I have a bad headache to-day, but I wanted to see you, to say that I do not know whether I shall need to trouble you any more. I do not think I shall go on with what we have started."

Rosemary could not help exclaiming: "Oh, what a pity! It is so much labour wasted. Have you changed your mind about it? I am so sorry you are not well. Perhaps you will feel differently to-morrow."

"If I do, I will let you know. At present I wish the work stopped."

Her tone was final, but Rosemary was bitterly disappointed.

"I have planned it all out with Hunter. The real hard work has been done. I dare say you will not want me any more, but do let him carry it out if he thinks he can; I assure you, you would never regret it!"

Miss Stanhope drew her head up haughtily. "Hunter will carry out my orders," she said. "I am much obliged for your services. Shall I send or give you the cheque? I would prefer to give it now."

She turned to her writing bureau, and Rosemary noted that her hand shook so much that she could hardly hold her pen. But when she turned to her again her face was set and still.

"I wish you would not trouble," Rosemary said, as she took the cheque and thanked her for it; "you are not well, I can see. May I say how interested I have been in hearing about the jewel case discovered?"



"'Hulloa, Laurence! that you?' said the Major, doffing his cap.
'And Miss Rosemary?'"—p. 360.

A little angry light seemed to flicker in Miss Stanhope's eyes as she made reply: "It is surprising what a very little interests everyone about here. The amount of gossip that has already been raised over it is considerable."

"But aren't you interested in it yourself?"

"When I tell you that I have actually had three reporters from different local papers down to interview me about it, I think you can gather that it is not a very pleasant subject. Good-bye. I have a great deal of business to transact this morning, so must not stay."

Rosemary felt herself dismissed summarily, and, driving home, she came to the conclusion that Miss Stanhope was the most objectionable girl she had ever known in her life.

That same afternoon she visited her own wood, and happened to leave a clasp-knife on the ground near a bed of bulbs.

She asked her brother, after dinner, if he would mind walking back to the wood with her to fetch it.

"You often go out for a smoke," she urged; "and it is a lovely night, and not very far. I feel rather frightened at going alone—do come with me, will you?"

Laurence assented. It was not a very dark night, and there was a frosty feeling in the air. When they reached the gate that led into the wood, Laurence stopped to relight his pipe, and Rosemary ran on to the place where she had dropped her knife. Suddenly she came flying back with a startled look on her face.

"There are people—voices. I think they must be quarrelling. Do drive them off, Laurence; they have no business here!"

Her brother strode forward. The stillness of the night brought the voices distinctly to them.

"Why do you follow me? I'm sick to death of you. Don't I see enough of you all day long without having you dog my steps at night? My cloak! You fool! Don't you know that a chill that would carry me off would be the best thing that could possibly happen to me? For goodness' sake, leave me alone! No, I am *not* coming home. It's a prison-house, nothing more or less, and this is my only chance of getting away from it!"

The shrill, bitter voice made Rosemary start. There was no mistaking it.

"It is—Mrs. Willoughby!" she faltered.

"Yes," her brother said quickly; "let us get away. Leave your knife; what does it matter?"

Rosemary was obeying him hastily, when Major Willoughby and his wife suddenly came in view. Mrs. Willoughby shrank

away behind him, but his voice was as cheery as usual.

"Hulloa, Laurence! that you?" said the Major, doffing his cap. "And Miss Rosemary? My wife and I are trespassers, are we not? And yet we did have full leave to come here. We were just going home; at least I was trying to persuade my wife to do so, for it's getting very damp and chilly."

It was an awkward moment, but Rosemary was equal to the occasion.

"I'm so glad you like my wood, Mrs. Willoughby; I've come out to look for my knife. I left it just outside my tool-shed. Do you mind coming back with me a few steps?"

Mrs. Willoughby's voice was quite courteous.

"Certainly. I was just telling my husband I was not ready to go home yet. I will come back with you. Ted, stay with Mr. Mowbray; we shall not be long."

She gave a sigh of relief as she turned with Rosemary and walked along the tidy path that now wound round and round, like a ribbon, through the recesses of the wood.

"I began to think I should never see you again," she said; "but I suppose you don't often wander about after nightfall?"

"No," said Rosemary, trying to forget the shrewish speech she had overheard, and wondering if it was drink that sometimes overcame this woman by her side; "but I wish you would come when I am here in the daytime. I generally work alone, unless Moses Vance comes to help me."

"I always like walking after dark. Tell me—it is so pleasant to speak to a woman of my own class—tell me about this hidden treasure at Miss Stanhope's. My husband came home full of it last night."

Rosemary told her all she knew. In contrast to her former tones, Mrs. Willoughby was quietness and dignity itself.

"I don't visit, as you know," she said, "but I hear about my neighbours. It is the only relief to the monotony of my life. That, and reading; but I am weary of novels, and long for a talk with someone besides my husband. I am very interested in your wood. I have been here a good many times lately. I like tracing the work you have been doing day by day. I confided in you when last we met, I remember. I am almost desperate now—and—and I almost think I should like you to come and

see me; but, mind, not another living soul besides yourself. And, if you come, you will respect my wishes. I will not"—here her tone was emphatic, almost passionate—"I will *not* be the subject of my neighbours' curiosity and pity!"

"I will come any day you like," said Rosemary gently.

"Then come to-morrow, after dusk. I shall expect you. You may amuse and interest me—possibly cheer me—but no, that is an impossibility!"

Rosemary stooped to pick up her knife at this juncture.

"I will do as you wish," she said. "Shall we turn now? Major Willoughby will be waiting."

Mrs. Willoughby gave a short laugh.

"Give him a little further bliss, Miss Mowbray. Do you think he is counting the minutes till he and I are alone once more together?"

Rosemary could not think of any reply to this, so she merely remarked, "Do you know my brother?"

"I only met him to speak to a few nights ago. I was out with Dick, who, with the best intentions of guarding me, flew at him quite savagely."

"Laurence never told us. Did he bite him?"

"No; I called him off. Must you really go? I shall expect you to-morrow. Now, Ted, you can have your way. I will come home."

She took her husband's arm and moved off, and Rosemary turned to her brother with satisfied pride in her voice.

"I am going to see her to-morrow. She has asked me to call."

"Wonderful!" said Laurence, shrugging his shoulders—but whether he said it in derision or earnest, she could not tell.

[END OF CHAPTER TEN.]



THREE SHIPS

THREE ships sailed upon the sea,
All for the love of mine and me.

Childhood, and the month of May:—
"Friendship" anchored in the bay.
She brought me store of heart's delight,
Then spread her wings, and took her flight;
And 'twas O, my heart, and woe is me
When the good ship "Friendship" put to sea.

Girlhood, and in summer sought:—
"Courtship" glided into port.
It brought me joy, it left me pain
When the good ship "Courtship" sailed again.

O swallow, follow that ship and say
Love lies dreaming in the bay.

Womanhood, and over the bar
"Lordship" carried me fast and far.
It gave me the full of love and pain
When the good ship "Lordship" crossed the main;
But I reckon not of the storm and strife,
For love breathes peace in the heart of life;—

And through the dark I see afar
The home lights over the harbour bar.

ALFRED H. MILES.

Settlements and their Work

A Talk with the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement

By ARTHUR PAGE GRUBB

TAKE a Lewisham 'bus over London Bridge, and in a short quarter of an hour you find yourself in the midst of Bermondsey. Dive down one of the side streets which run off at right angles from the tortuous Jamaica Road, just opposite the noble parish church, and if you have selected holiday time, when the Council schools are closed, you will have to pick your way warily to avoid stepping on the children who swarm about the narrow pavement, sit on the kerbstones, or, shrilly shouting, run to and fro across the foul roadway. Ugliness, squalor, evil and ignorance are the qualities which strike you as the predominant partners in the inner ring of the metropolis; and if you have business to transact in this noisome region you will put it through with dispatch and regain your accustomed haunts without delay.

May-day in Bermondsey

Yet once on a time Bermondsey had a splendour all her own, and if you could pick up in one of the frequent pawnshops the magic ring which, placed on the forefinger and the proper word said, obliterates centuries and carries its wearer back into, say, the spacious days of great Elizabeth, you would find the flaunting public-houses, young children, and seedy loafers all gone, and in their place the beribboned and besworded courtiers of the Virgin Queen ruffling it in all their bravery, and the good citizens of mediaeval Bermondsey gathered about the Maypole in full accord with the spirit of the old couplet:

"When Maye Daye cometh with blythe jollitie,
Haste ye, goode friend, to merry Bermondsie."

Bermondsey, indeed, has seen some brave sights since knights and barons made their way in stately procession to the Parliaments held in its Abbey, and Crusaders, with red cross blazoned on their baldricks, assembled in the same precincts to lay their plan of campaign in the Holy Land.

But that is long past, and if you scoured the world for the very antithesis of romance and colour you could not light on a more proper place than Bermondsey. At least that was my impression not long ago, as I made my way down narrow Farncombe Street to the Bermondsey Settlement to seek an interview with the Warden of this institution, which rises like a Pharos in the midst of a West African mango swamp. Here in these depressing wastes of brick and mortar and imprisoned human souls, the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, Alderman of the London County Council, and first-rank theologian, has elected to dwell for the last seventeen years, resisting all inducements to take more engaging spheres of work in his Church.

"Separation from the Settlement," avowed the Warden, as I sat with him in his library, "would mean for me separation from every source of inspiration which has invigorated my life. Whatever I have attempted in education, municipal administration, theological teaching, or in the Free Church Council, has grown out of the work of the Settlement, and is intended to exemplify the principles involved in it."

The Origin of the Settlement

Mr. Scott Lidgett is not an emotional man, and when he speaks in this fashion one realises that the Settlement is, like Queen Mary's "Calais," inscribed on his heart. My first question was the obvious one about the origin of the Settlement.

"It sprang out of my association with the late Dr. Moulton during my ministry in Cambridge," was Mr. Lidgett's reply. "The Forward Movement in Methodism was its parent, and it was the first Non-conformist institution conceived after the pattern of Toynbee Hall and Oxford House. Its object, as entertained by me, was not merely to do a certain practical work, but to embody a spiritual principle and



A MEETING OF THE GUILD
OF BRAVE POOR THINGS.



THE REV. J. SCOTT LIDGETT,
Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement.
(Photo: Russell.)



A REHEARSAL OF THE CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY.

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

to bring young men at the universities and elsewhere to apprehend it. The practical programme of the widest secular progress on the spiritual basis of Christianity—this was the combination I sought to set forth. While the Settlement was in the current of the aggressive evangelism which, under the leadership of Hugh Price Hughes, became known as the Forward Movement, it was intended on certain sides to amplify the meaning of the movement. 'God cares not only for souls, but for bodies,' said the pioneers of the Central Mission movement. I desired to add, 'and for minds'; and the educational side of the Settlement was the outcome.

The Annual Picture Exhibition

"I was anxious that the new philanthropic sympathy in Methodism should not be self-contained and denominational, but should bring young Methodists into contact with the great social movements of our times. Further, I was anxious to direct attention, not merely to the need of palliating social evils, but to the still greater necessity of transforming the conditions of city life, and especially of helping to bring about brotherly co-operation between different social classes living apart from one another, and estranged."

How far Mr. Lidgett has impressed his ideals and his personality on the district was evidenced the other day in a speech made by the Bishop of Southwark. The occasion was the opening of the annual picture exhibition, which is one of the many ways in which the Settlement seeks to instruct and elevate the minds of the people of Bermondsey, and which has been held during June for the last twelve years. The Bishop—who, it should be remembered, is poles asunder from the Warden on the Education Question—expressed the great pleasure he felt at stating, in Mr. Lidgett's own home and among his own people, the respect and regard he felt towards him. In personal friendship, in public service, and as an author and teacher, he esteemed him very highly. Further, the Bishop, on behalf of those who dwelt in the neighbourhood, voiced his sense of the value of what was done at the Settlement for their pleasure, their instruction, and their good.

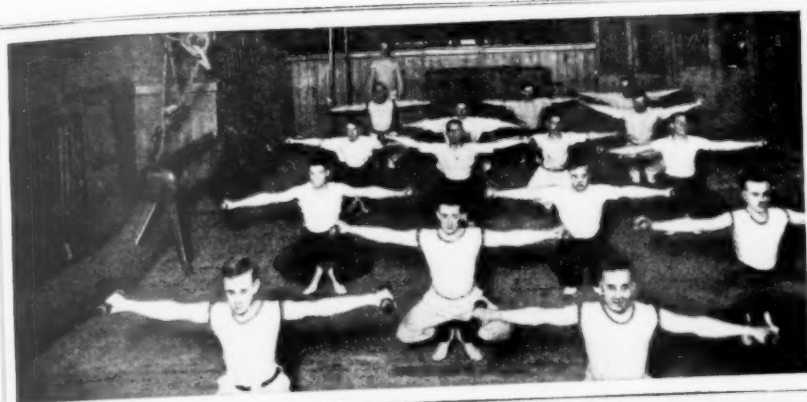
Sitting in the library, I put it to the Warden that in the minds of the religious public the Settlement movement had been somewhat overshadowed by the larger scale and more spectacular methods of the Central Missions, and I asked in what special way the institution under his charge met the needs of such a district as Bermondsey.

"In providing the friendless with human friends," was Mr. Lidgett's reply. "My seventeen years' experience here has only served to strengthen my original idea that personal influence, exerted by those who put the highest gifts of heart and head freely at the service of the less privileged in the ordinary associations of unassuming friendship, is the most powerful means of uplifting. This lesson has been borne home by the history of each department of our work. In club, class and guild, among children and grown-up men and women, in the case of the poorest and the better-to-do, it has been abundantly proved by us. Everywhere I have watched the marvellous transforming power which the sympathetic friend exercises, which brings gifts and opportunities within reach of others, with simple kindness and patient, persevering care."

The Nobility of the Gutter Child

"The bulk of those who remain in dull ignorance or wander into evil ways," he continued, "need friends—wise, self-sacrificing friends. They have not had them in childhood; they cannot find them in later life. The little gutter child reveals unsuspected nobility, unselfishness, capacity of refinement, when he finds a true friend. The wayward girl and the rough boy awaken to a new life when brought within reach by friends of this type. Lives wasted for lack of finding true friends—this is the story of our East End slums; lives wasted for lack of seeking to make friends among the poor—this is the story of many a moral failure in the West End."

A very pretty story of the operation of this redeeming principle of friendship was told me by Miss Mary Simmons, the head of the women's work in the Settlement. It was associated with St. George's House, a little settlement of



1. AN ACTIVE DISPLAY AT THE MEN'S GYMNASIUM.
2. THE DRESSMAKING CLASS BUSILY ENGAGED IN CUTTING OUT.
3. A RESIDENT'S ROOM AT THE SETTLEMENT.

(Photos specially taken by the Pictorial Agency.)

women set down in the very midst of the lawlessness and squalor of slumdom. These premises, by the way, were originally rented and fitted up by Mr. Scott Lidgett at his own expense when the income of the Settlement was inadequate for the purpose. Round about St. George's House you may see the hooligan in the making at all stages, and it was one of the half-manufactured specimens of this class that the story related to.

Redeeming the Hooligan

He was of Irish strain, a youth of fifteen, with mischief and anarchy writ large upon him. He captained a gang of boys who were the terror of the neighbourhood, absolutely unrestrained by authority of any kind, and entirely impervious to religious influences. Time after time he was turned out of the little club at St. George's House for gross misconduct; and he was likely to become in a year or two either an habitual criminal or the next worst thing—a ne'er-do-well, whose ultimate goal would be the poorhouse at forty.

Miss Johnstone, who is in charge of the St. George's House community, made up her mind that there was something in the lad that would answer to affection. She kept in touch with him even through periods of despair; she never overlooked his misconduct, but she let him understand that, in spite of all, she was his friend, till gradually that influence began to tell. His manner, dress, and speech, improved; he ceased to be ringleader in evil, and even began to display some persistency in work. He is a bright and quick youth, and, provided his occupation is not monotonous, will do useful work.

Miss Simmons told me that he has not yet reached the altitude of the "plaster saint." In fact, with three others, owing to misplaced generosity, he got drunk at Christmas, and had to be warned away from the Club. But he brought his companions with him the next day, shamefaced and full of contrition; and Miss Simmons thought that on this occasion she was able to detect the glimmering dawn of religious consciousness. The friendship of a good woman has taught him that there is a power outside of himself which could help

the good in him to triumph; and on that basis the long dormant religious consciousness has been awakened.

So much for the individual influence of the Settlement. But there is an even more important effect of its work—the permeation of Bermondsey with high aims and ideals. Recent Local Government Board inquiries, and the subsequent legal proceedings, have shown the ease with which, in poor neighbourhoods, the moral sense of elected local authorities may be deadened and widespread corruption bred. It is noteworthy that no breath of suspicion has touched the administration of the Poor Law in Bermondsey. Mr. Scott Lidgett and the Bermondsey Settlement may well lay claim to the credit of that.

"The Honestest Man in Bermondsey"

"He's the ablest man in Bermondsey," said a Labour member of the Board of Guardians to a colleague, also a wage-earner.

"He's the honestest man in Bermondsey!" was the other's reply.

Another Poor Law representative said:

"His presence on the Board of Guardians kept us all straight; no one could suggest a dishonest or shady action when he was in the room."

Yet when he went to Bermondsey, in 1890, the general attitude towards all who professed disinterested motives of public service, especially if the professor was a parson, was one of acute suspicion. Mr. Lidgett's personal influence and the work of the Settlement have changed all that. His absolute sincerity and singlemindedness are recognised on every hand; he and his devoted colleagues have set a standard, not only of public righteousness, but of public efficiency.

"There's nothing here between heaven and hell—between the mission hall and the tap-room," someone said about Bermondsey to the venerable Dr. Paton many years ago. The intermediate state has been provided by the Settlement, with its science, art, and educational classes, its university extension lectures, its natural history society, its choral and orchestral union, its physical clubs and gymnastic instruction, and its theological classes. A flower show and a picture

exhibition are two of the features of its summer season; there is nursing in the homes, aid for the sick, temperance propaganda, and a host of religious services.

But above all there is the wonderful Guild of Play for the children and the Guild of the Brave Poor Things for the maimed and halt, which under Mrs. Kimmins' splendid direction have developed into a wonderful movement for the refining and beautifying of the lives of these little ones of the slums in their leisure hours.

Help from 'Varsity Students

The greater part of this noble service is performed by the women residents at St. George's House and the Women's Settlement in Rotherhithe. They are able to give their whole day to the task. The men residents are chiefly young 'Varsity graduates reading for the law or other examinations, whose leisure is necessarily restricted. For them a residence in Bermondsey provides a useful training for eventual leadership in the cause of social reform, and thus creates a standard of Christian citizenship which, in turn, permeates the society with which they are subsequently associated.

Among the more distinguished men who have at one time been in residence at the Settlement may be mentioned Mr. W. E. Brunyate, C.M.G., now a Khedivial Counsellor at Cairo and a member of the Imperial Order of Osmanieh; Dr. Kimmins, Chief Inspector of the Education Department of the L.C.C.; and Professor W. F. Lofthouse, M.A., who has the chair of Old Testament Languages at the Wesleyan Theological College, Handsworth, and is the author of a notable book on the Atonement, as well as the honorary general secretary of the Methodist Union for Social Service.

One matter troubled me as I saw all this wealth of devotion poured out into the dreary area of Bermondsey. Would the immense advance in social reform undertaken in these progressive days by

the State and the municipalities sound the knell of private philanthropies? So I voiced my doubts to the Warden.

"Is the day of Settlements over?" I asked,

But there was no doubt in Mr. Lidgett's reply.

"The need that Settlements should be maintained and developed," he said, "is not less urgent to-day than it was twenty years ago. Apart from the benefit of the particular activities that are carried on by them, they are a powerful means for creating in the well-to-do the temper which insistently demands social reform. They are an important contribution to the Christian citizenship of our times, and have an important place among the influences which tend to secure practical reforms by peaceful evolution instead of by revolution."

Voluntary v. State Help

"However great may be the extension of national and civic action in regard to social problems, this will not in any way supersede voluntary efforts, although it may, in some respects, change their character. Voluntary enterprises will more and more be needful, not as a substitute for public action, but as a needful ally in carrying out schemes of social beneficence.

"The more fully public action responds to the great ideals of human brotherhood," he continued, "the more will the ideals of brotherliness bring workers into the field to supplement public action. This office will be the more readily fulfilled by Settlements, because they have always made it their business to train men and women to take part in civic administration, and because their guiding principle has always been that of co-operation and not of competition. Their influence has been of immense service both to the Churches and to the State. Many of the most influential among our leaders in social effort, both in Parliament, and in administrative life, received their training as residents in the various Settlements."

Gardner's Luck

A Complete Story

By E. BURROWES

"WAYS and means!—ways and means!"

The words seemed to ring in Andrew Gardner's ears with weary repetition. His rapid footsteps kept time to the phrase which had made his heart so sore within him. And yet it was only what he might have expected. What right had he to ask Alison Langton to marry him when he could not keep her in any degree of comfort—when their waiting must of necessity lengthen into years, unless some unexpected stroke of luck were to come to his share? It was hard, bitterly hard, but he supposed he should have held his tongue, and left the girl he loved ignorant of his feelings towards her. But that was more than mere human flesh and blood could stand, and so for a couple of blissful days Andrew and Alison had lived in that particular Eden which belongs to lovers, till on interviewing Colonel Langton the young man had come down to earth with a run.

The engagement was not altogether sanctioned: they might have what is known as an understanding just between themselves, but nothing was to be said in public until Andrew was in a position to think of an early marriage. And that—he was only a struggling barrister—was a long, long way off. So it was not surprising that he felt depressed and irritated as he tramped to the station and was whirled back to his dreary chambers, where he could digest at his leisure the words of kindly counsel and wisdom uttered by the father of the girl he loved—the girl who, thank Heaven! loved him.

He was sure of that one blessing, at any rate; and the only thing to be done now was to work as he had never worked before, and to prove to Colonel Langton that he was thoroughly in earnest, that he was leaving no stone unturned in his search for fortune.

It was slow work—it must be that as far as his profession was concerned—he required indomitable perseverance and hope, ceaseless striving and energy; but with Alison to spur him on to success, surely he must

do something good. So he worked and waited, but very few briefs found their way up the dusty stairs to his chambers, and sometimes black depression settled down like a baleful shadow upon him.

They wanted so little! That was the irony of the thing. A few hundreds a year as a certain income, upon which he would be able to live while he worked for success and fame at the Bar. A few thousands snugly invested. That was all they wanted to give them complete happiness, and yet that goal was as far away as if they had required millions.

Such thoughts were in his mind as he turned into his club late one evening, when a chill winter wind was sweeping the streets, and the lamps flickered dimly through the gloom. Rain was beginning to fall, and the outer world was the reverse of cheerful. Andrew passed with a sense of relief to the cheerful room, where he nodded to one or two men he knew, glanced at the evening papers, and then settled himself down for a quiet smoke and a desultory conversation with anyone who might come his way.

Someone asked him to take a hand at bridge, but he shook his head. He was in no humour for cards, and he glanced up with relief as a man slipped into a vacant chair near him. He knew him slightly, as a pleasant, cheery fellow, with plenty of money and not too much to do. A bit too fond of gambling, perhaps; but Andrew looked with tolerance on that failing, and if a fellow could afford to play a bit—well, where was the harm? His argument was not particularly sound, but it passed for the time.

"You're looking seedy," said Beresford, leaning forward in his chair, as he glanced at Andrew's face, which had grown haggard under the stress of many emotions during the past few weeks. "Working too hard, eh?"

Andrew laughed.

"Well, I don't know—perhaps I've been burning the midnight oil a good deal. I



"'You are looking seedy,' said Beresford, leaning forward in his chair."

wouldn't mind if it led to anything—but so far it hasn't. It's a horrid grind."

"It is. You've got to have boundless hope and perseverance and belief in yourself. By the way, I've got to congratulate you, I hear. Only heard the news the other day. All good luck, old chap! When's the wedding to be?"

Something darkened Andrew's eyes.

"When my ship comes home," he said, a little bitterly; "and from all appearances she's gone on the rocks or foundered."

"As bad as that? Look here, Gardner, you want rousing up a bit. You'll let yourself run down completely. Go away; get a change."

"How and where? My dear fellow—you've nothing to do but to amuse yourself. I have. Besides——"

He stopped abruptly, and the other man was silent for a minute or two. He could guess that it was very much a question of £ s. d., and something prompted him to generosity. He liked Andrew Gardner—

and he wanted a companion badly for his trip on the Continent. He hated going alone. His usual friend had deserted him for a game-shooting expedition in East Africa.

"Look here, Gardner, I'm off the end of this week to Monte Carlo—with my motor. I want another fellow to come with me, and I shall be awfully glad if you'll bear me company. I mean it. As my guest, remember. It will do you no end of good, and I'd be very glad of your company. Besides that, I can put you up to a really good tip. I'm going to have my usual flutter at the tables, of course, and I've discovered and perfected a system by which a man might easily make his fortune. Think of it, man. They say that a beginner, or someone who has never been at the tables before, has the most wonderful luck. You'll be a mascot. Will you try it? It'll bring your ship home a jolly sight quicker than stewing in your chambers, waiting for briefs to crawl up the stairs. Come, old chap—be sporting. Say you'll come."

Andrew hesitated. The chance of a change was delightful; the idea of making his fortune was more alluring still—and he had a good deal of the gambling spirit in his blood. It was the one thing of which Alison Langton owned herself afraid, but Andrew had laughed her fears to scorn. Was it likely that he would do anything, he asked her, to hurt her or the future to which they were both looking forward so eagerly?

But other men had made their fortunes, and why not he? He would never have such a chance again, and if Beresford was kind enough to ask him to go as his guest, he would surely be a fool to refuse such an invitation.

"It's most awfully good of you," he said eagerly, a slight colour rising to his face as he spoke; "most awfully good, Beresford. I'll come with pleasure."

"That's right. I'll let you know the exact date and hour, and all that. And I must show you my system. If it works as it ought, you'll come home a rich man."

The words haunted Andrew Gardner, and drove sleep from his pillow. A rich man! And he wanted so little—so comparatively little—to assure that dim future for which he and Alison were waiting. Perhaps the Fates would be kind to him and let him make a fortune. He had tried so hard—done his best—to achieve that object by steady work and indomitable perseverance, but so far in vain. He was tired of waiting and watching and hoping. He would tempt fortune once, and then—well, he could always come back to the old daily grind.

He wrote and told Alison he was going abroad with a friend; that he wanted a change; that Beresford was taking him as his guest on a motoring tour; but he did not mention the name Monte Carlo. He knew Alison was rather absurdly prejudiced against the mere idea of the place. He would tell her all about it when he came back—a rich man.

* * * * *

"*Le jeu est fait ! Rien ne va plus !*"

The croupier's cry, purely mechanical, wearied with repetition, had resounded in Andrew Gardner's ears ever since his arrival in Monte Carlo. He had from the first been a constant attendant at the tables, and, thanks to his friend's instructions, he had played with a certain amount of success—

with such success, indeed, that the fever of gambling was obsessing him; it mounted to his head like wine, and he was conscious of nothing but the lust of gain—the greed of raking in the gold coins and notes which were accumulating before him. He was in luck; other eager players regarded him with envy. At first the mixed crowd in the Casino had disgusted him. Here he saw birds of prey in human form; people who lived only for the excitement of gambling; old women, hideously wrinkled, with claw-like hands and evil, glittering eyes; young girls bent on the downward road; men of all ages, classes, and nationalities. The smart set and the scum of the earth mingled together, rubbed shoulders, raked in their winnings with eager hands. And Andrew Gardner became one of them. He had the gambler's fever in his very blood; all other things were blotted out.

He gloated over his winnings; and, to do him this much justice, it was because they seemed to bring Alison nearer to him. Yet a twinge of shame mingled with his feverish gladness. Alison would shrink from the money won in this sort of way. Alison, who was so simple-minded, so honest and true, who regarded gambling as a sin, if not a crime.

Yet why should she ever know? It was an insidious voice that whispered this suggestion—a voice against which he struggled, but which conquered him in the end. For as the days slipped away Andrew's luck remained with him in a marvellous manner—so Beresford assured him.

"My dear chap, your fortune's made," he cried. "Wasn't it a lucky day that brought you here? No more struggling! Why, I suppose you'll be asking me to the wedding before long? Seriously, though, you're envied by everyone here—and no wonder. Your winnings must run into four figures."

"They do," said Andrew, but there was no gladness in his voice. Beresford glanced at him curiously.

"Well, if it wasn't that we know otherwise," he said gaily, "I should quote that old saying to you, my dear fellow—'Lucky at cards—or games of chance—unlucky in love.' But that doesn't obtain in your case!"

"No," said Andrew slowly; "no—it doesn't."

But he wished, with a touch of latent superstition, that Beresford had not quoted that saying. It haunted him unpleasantly.

Perhaps it was that which made him play recklessly that night in the Casino. A huge crowd was gathered round him, many playing, and following the lead of the lucky Englishman, and a still greater number looking on with breathless interest. Sometimes someone would stretch over his shoulder and beg him to put on a coin for them, and always he won. The silence and excitement were intense, and Andrew sat there blindly staking gold pieces with utter recklessness. It seemed almost as if he could not lose.

One man, young, white-lipped, his eyes glittering with the gambler's fever, watched him eagerly. Suddenly he bent forward.

"If monsieur would be so good as to stake this coin for me," he asked, thrusting a coin into Andrew's hand, "he would be doing me a kindness."

Andrew muttered something, staked for himself and the stranger, and the whole table watched feverishly as the ball spun round.

For the first time he lost! There was a murmur from the crowd. The young man at his back drew away with a miserable laugh; then turned and faced Andrew as he rose from his seat.

"That was my last coin," he muttered thickly.

Before Andrew could utter a word, or, indeed, take in the sense of what the wretched man had said, he had vanished, pushing his way through the crowd into the exquisite still night. A few moments later, as Andrew and Beresford left the crowded rooms, a single shot rang out ominously in the outside world, which lay bathed in mystic moonlight. There was a rush to the spot, and Andrew was perhaps the first to recognise the still, white face of the man who was lying on his back, his face upturned to the star-spangled heavens. It was the man who had staked and lost his last coin—the man, ruined by the gambling tables, who had taken the shortest and easiest way out of his troubles—the way of the suicide!

"Let us get out of this," cried Andrew hoarsely, as Beresford drew him away. "It's a cursed spot, Beresford. It makes one feel a murderer."

"Come, come, old chap—you're looking at it from a morbid point of view," said

Beresford soothingly, for he saw that the young man's nerves were strung up almost to breaking point.

Andrew was silent. But as he drew from his breast pocket that night the rolls of notes and the gold he had won that day at the tables he could not repress a shudder. It seemed to him the price of blood. If Alison only knew—would she touch it with her cool, white fingers? More than ever he resolved to hide from her the source of his unexpected wealth. And two days later he left for home in Beresford's car, the richer by some thousands, and carrying away with him the reputation of being the luckiest player seen for a long time—the Englishman who carried all before him.

* * * * *

"How hard you must have worked, dear!"

Alison's sweet face was a little flushed, her eyes were shining with happiness, as she walked slowly through the garden, in which early spring flowers were beginning to poke their heads above the mould. A pale blue sky hung above them, and a robin, singing in the holly hedges which sheltered the walk from the rest of the lawn, carolled a song of eternal hope. Its echoes woke a responsive strain in the girl's heart, for what she had wished for—what she had been willing to wait for, for any length of time—had come to pass. Her lover was rich. They might be married at any time, and her parents had given their glad consent to the engagement. Andrew had emerged from another fateful interview with Colonel Langton with a flush on his handsome face; hope beat high within him, and he was able, for a time at any rate, to stifle those pangs of conscience which had distracted him ever since his departure from the gaming tables. Colonel Langton had not asked many questions: he was amply satisfied when he found that his daughter's suitor was possessed of sufficient funds invested in gilt-edged securities to make a settlement upon her and give her a comfortable, if modest, home. With his talents he should go further—make, perhaps, a name for himself at the Bar. Everything was settled, and Gardner told himself that his luck had lasted. He was the happiest as well as the luckiest man in the world.

He coloured a little now at Alison's words.

"If I did work hard," he said evasively,

"what does it matter, dearest? I've got the reward I hoped for. Nothing else matters. And, Alison, darling, you won't keep me waiting long, will you?"

"Do you suppose, sir, a woman can be married all in a minute?" she asked gaily. "There are frocks to be thought of, and—oh! ever so many things; but perhaps at Easter—doesn't it seem too good to be true?"

He drew her to him and kissed her fondly. It was, indeed, almost too good to be true. There were terrible moments when he wondered whether this amazing happiness would last. But, like his luck, nothing seemed able to touch it.

And then the blow fell. Afterwards he felt he had known it would come upon him sooner or later. It was not fair that he should take the smooth without the rough, the reward without the toil.

He had promised to meet Alison at a picture gallery, and as he made his way through the smartly dressed crowd which had assembled to see the beautiful works of a favourite artist, he caught sight of his *fiancée* standing in front of a picture with a man at her side—a distant cousin of her own, whom Andrew had never met, though he knew him by sight. As he came up behind them he caught something the man was saying in his clear, pleasant voice.

"It was a wonderful sight, Alison—but if you could have seen the faces of the gamblers! There was one man there—an Englishman—who carried all before him. He won some enormous sums. He lost only once, and that was when he staked a coin for an unfortunate wretch, who went straight away outside the Casino and shot himself through the heart. Strange, when one thinks—"

Andrew touched Alison on the arm. He was very white.

"Well, dear?" he said, not noticing or looking at the man, who had turned round and was staring at him in a puzzled fashion.

"Andrew! I thought you were never coming. You haven't met my cousin, Captain Barber, have you? Jack, this is Mr. Gardner."

The other man held out his hand.

"Glad to meet you," he said. "The last time I saw you you were winning hands down."

"Winning hands down? What at?"

asked Alison, turning towards Andrew, who stood pale and erect.

"Winning a fortune," said the soldier, with a laugh. "He's the lucky Englishman I was just telling you of, Alison—the man who made a pile at Monte Carlo the other day. I was standing near you several days," he continued, addressing Andrew, "and, upon my word, I never saw anything like your run of luck. It was positively uncanny. Well, I must be off. Hope to see you both again before long."

The two he had left stood looking at each other for a minute in silence.

"It's *not* true?" said Alison quietly, her voice a little shaken.

Andrew looked round desperately.

"Come out of the crowd," he said, "and let me explain, Alison—one can't talk in this crowd. There's a smaller room with hardly anyone in it. Come, dear."

Once out of the crowd, she turned to him. Her face looked very cold, and Andrew felt his heart sink down chill and sick within him. If only he had told her himself! If only he had had the courage to tell her the truth, and so save the story being blurted out like this!

"Is it true?" she asked again. "Were you at Monte Carlo? Or has Jack made a mistake?"

"No—I was there," he said quickly. "It's quite true. I meant to tell you, Alison, but—don't look at me like that. After all, where was the harm? If you had—"

"And it was at the gaming tables you made the wealth that enables us to be married?" she asked very quietly.

"Yes."

"It was true, too, I suppose, about the man who shot himself?"

"A man did shoot himself while I was there—but it wasn't my show alone," said Andrew sullenly. "It's all a chance. One wins, another is bound to lose."

"But you were not bound to gamble," she said, with quiet finality.

"Alison! Don't you understand? It was for you I risked everything. It would have meant years of waiting—years and years perhaps, for my work is slow, and there was such a chance of getting on. I had luck all along. I thought only of you. Alison—don't you believe me?"

"Yet—you deceived me," she said.



Drawn by John E. Sutcliffe.

"Winning hands down? What at?" asked Alison, turning towards Andrew, who stood pale and erect."

slowly and sadly. "You knew, Andrew—you *must* have known—how I hated gambling. What blessing can rest upon that wealth, which is neither more nor less than blood money? How could you—oh! how *could* you? And we were going to do everything, and have everything, and be happy—on blood money!"

"*Were*!" The word struck Andrew's ears with an ominous sound.

"Alison! Think, dear, what good we can do now—with that money. It was fair enough. Every man has his chance to win, and must run the risk of losing. Why, we can help others less fortunate—we can——"

"Andrew! We can't—not yet. Not with that money. If you could only find out the relations of that unhappy man who shot himself, and do something for *them*. But for ourselves—we must wait. We cannot make our happiness on such a foundation."

Her tone was very quiet—very final, and Andrew stared unbelievably at her. It was not *possible*——

"Alison! What do you mean?"

"That we must wait. We must put aside our happiness until we can start—honestly. Not on the income of that money. I shouldn't have a day's happiness, nor would you. We must wait. I shall tell them at home that we have thought it more prudent not to be in such haste; that you have work to do. And, dearest, some day, when you've made a good, solid foundation, *not* built on the gambling table, come back to me. I shall be waiting."

And from this standpoint he found it impossible to move her. She was quite firm. He talked, pleaded, all in vain. And when at last he went home to his chambers he had accepted the inevitable. The time of waiting stretched before him like a road that has no turning—no ending. His luck had failed him. And again with a touch

of superstition he remembered Beresford's light words, "Lucky at games of chance—unlucky in love." He was defeated at last.

Yet, as far into the night he sat plunged in miserable thought, there came a gleam of brightness. Alison was so true, so pure-hearted—thank Heaven! he had not lost her love. She cared all through. And some day, with clean hands, he could go back to her.

With this promise he felt he could brace himself to fresh effort, to untiring work. A new purpose grew up within him; something far worthier than the greed of gain, something which was bound to ennoble, not debase him. The work might be hard, the time of waiting long and wearisome, but before him always would be the reward—a reward worth winning.

* * * * *

There came a day when Andrew Gardner, with a fresh light, a stronger purpose, in his face, knew that he could go back to Alison. His task was done. Not wealth to crown him, but moderate comfort—an income made with clean hands— toil and honest work. He had paid away that wealth gained at the tables to several charities, sending a large proportion of it to the relatives of the unhappy man who had been ruined on that memorable night. He had traced them with infinite trouble, and sent the money to them anonymously. *Then* he felt his hands were clean. He could go back to the woman who loved him.

Alison met him in the garden walk, where summer flowers were blowing. And he found her unchanged—sweeter, if possible, than of old. With her cheek pressed against his, the murmur of her voice in his ear, Gardner knew that his luck had come back—the real luck—the happiness that lasts. With that he was more than content.



The Finest Autograph Collection in the World

By ERNEST H. RANN

THE BEGINNING OF THE COLLECTION—HOW QUEEN VICTORIA SIGNED—QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S KINDNESS—CAPTURING THE COLONIAL BISHOPS.

IN a little riverside town not fifty miles from London, and in the shadow of the church where one of England's greatest generals lies buried, stands a strongly built house, foursquare to all the winds that blow. The railway engine shrieks under its boundary walls, the electric tramcar "honks" its way past the front door, and in the garden behind the gold fish play in the splashing fountain or else doze in the placid sun-warmed waters of their marble basin. The house is a study in contrasts: outside the busy activities of trade sound throughout the day; within may be found historical treasures

and warlike trophies galore, an almost perfect study of history by caricature, and—the finest collection of autographs ever seen in the world since the early

Assyrian fixed his signature on a tablet of clay. On a wall hangs a small case containing a portion of St. Cuthbert's coffin and shroud, and near at hand a fragment of Prince Charlie's hair, cut off by the fair hand of Flora Macdonald. An Afridi powder-horn rests near a Zulu shield; a Coronation medal, a royal gift, near the last pencilled message from Sir Henry Havelock-Allen, written half an hour before his death on the field of battle.

It is with the autographs that



MAJOR WRIGHT'S FAMOUS AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

The chair is one of those supplied to the Bishops at the Pan-Anglican Congress. Each Bishop had his appointed place, and was permitted to purchase his chair when the Congress was over.

Below is the leather case in which the album is kept. The straps at the base and the binding on the flap were put on by order of the Premier's wife, Mrs. Asquith, when she had the album for signature.



SIGNATURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

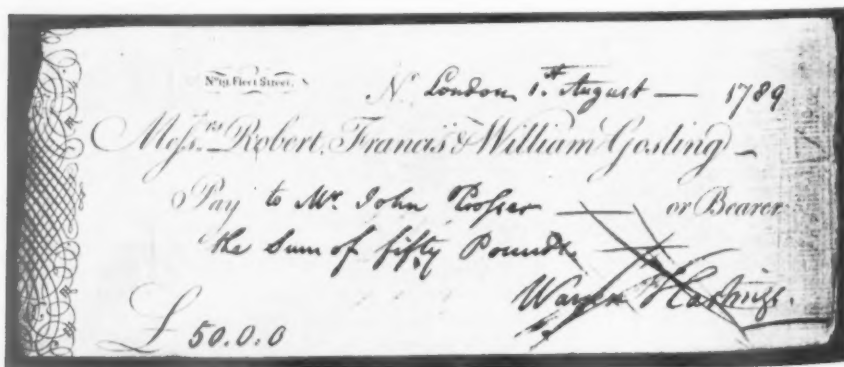
The album was taken to Balmoral, Windsor, and Osborne before a favourable moment came for the Queen to sign.

we have our greatest concern—8,000 in number, the collection of twenty-five years, the work of one man. Major Henry Wright, V.D. All sorts and conditions of men and women—children also—are represented in this wonderful storehouse of signatures. No labour has been too great, no waiting

famous as the stronghold of Prebendary Carlile, was threatened by the construction of the Metropolitan Railway, and in imminent danger of being pulled down. Major Wright was stirred to action. Aided by his friend, Mr. H. C. Richards, M.P., he began a campaign of rescue. Their object

too long, to exhaust the Major's energy and patience, when once he has got hot on the scent of a signature. There are still a few obstinate people in high places who decline to yield to his blandishments, but he has abundant hope, and we believe that they will not always refuse their tribute to a collection which bids fair to become the most historical and valuable of its kind.

Like most great things the collection had small beginnings. Major Wright told me, as I sat in his pleasant study, that from a boy he had been interested in churches. In addition he has a genuine love of antiquarian subjects. Thus it came about that when the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, now



SIGNATURE OF WARREN HASTINGS ON A CHEQUE.

Gosling's Bank is still in Fleet Street.

<i>F. Cantuar:</i>	<i>Wilhelm Vor:</i> <i>Nov 22. 1895</i>	<i>M. London:</i> <i>April 6. 1898</i>
<i>Randall Cantuar:</i> <i>23 May 1903</i>	<i>A. Winton</i> <i>Jan 31 1895</i>	<i>H. Carlisle</i>
<i>E. R. Newcastle</i>	<i>A. G. Asaph</i>	<i>W. Walshaw Wakefield</i>
<i>R. Cusack:</i> <i>Nov 2. 1893</i>	<i>Dr. Colombo</i> <i>25/11/94</i>	<i>George Southwell</i> <i>March 10 1895</i>

TOP ROW: THE LATE DR. TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; DR. MACLAGAN, EX-ARCHBISHOP OF YORK; THE LATE DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON, BISHOP OF LONDON.

SECOND ROW: DR. RANDALL DAVIDSON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; THE LATE DR. THOROLD, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER; THE LATE DR. HARVEY GOODWIN, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

THIRD ROW: THE LATE DR. E. R. WILBERFORCE, WHEN BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE; DR. A. G. EDWARDS, BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH; THE LATE DR. WALSHAM HOW, BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

FOURTH ROW: THE LATE DR. DURNFORD, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER; DR. COPESTONE, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA (THEN AT COLOMBO); THE LATE DR. RIDDING, BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

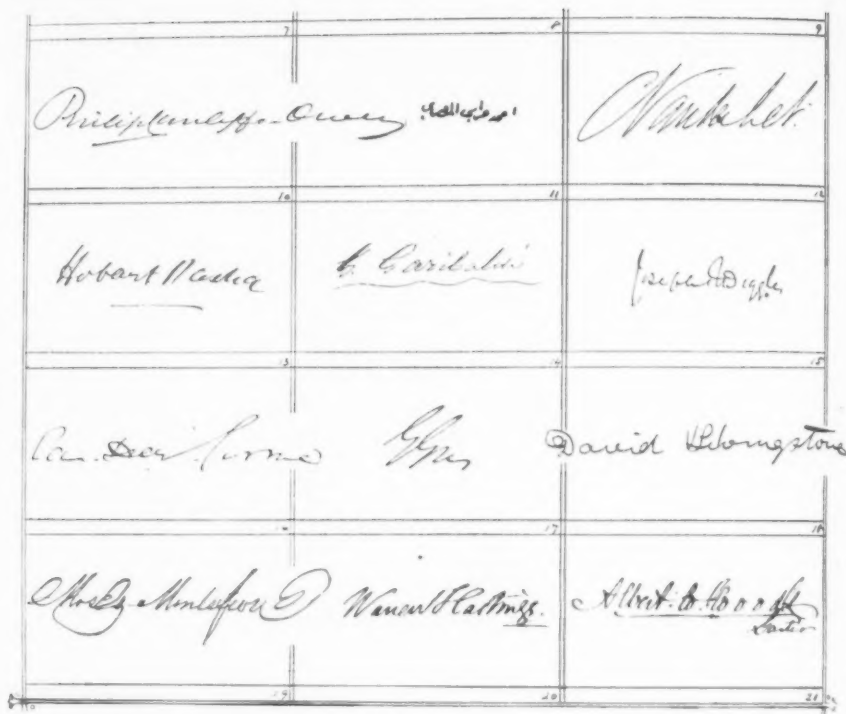
was to save the building from the hands of the despoiler. Bishops were bombarded, archdeacons were approached, rectors were roused, and members of Parliament induced to bring such opposition to the railway scheme that its promoters agreed to alter their projected route rather than risk the defeat of their bill in the House of Commons.

It was a victory for Major Wright and Mr. Richards, and among the spoils of war were some thousands of letters from persons of high degree who had written in favour of saving the threatened church. The Major's first thought, when his task was over, was the waste-paper basket and the fire; but on second consideration he decided to snip off the signatures and

consign the remainder of the correspondence to the flames. Such was the beginning of his great collection of autographs.

"You will see," he said to me, "that I did not spend a penny on them, and with the exception of the autographs of Turner, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Cipriani, not one in my album has been bought. They have been freely given by the signatories, or, in the case of men who lived before my time, their autographs have come to me as the gift of friends.

"This signature of Byron, which you see here, came from Mr. John Murray, the well-known publisher, who signed the book himself and also gave me the signatures of John Murray I., his great-grandfather, the founder of the firm; John



TOP ROW: SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-OWEN AND MR. C. VANDERBILT.
 SECOND ROW: HOBART PASHA; GARIBALDI; MR. JOSEPH R. DIGGLE, LATE OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.
 THIRD ROW: SIR GEORGE GREY (MIDDLE SIGNATURE); DAVID LIVINGSTONE.
 FOURTH ROW: SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE; WARREN HASTINGS.

Murray II., his grandfather; and John Murray III., his father.

"There is the signature of Warren Hastings, and here a page of *Punch* men, authors and artists, from Tom Taylor down to Raven Hill. This page contains the autographs of some of the most famous singers of the last century, the modern ones having come direct from the writers, the older ones having been given to me by friends. Mr. Gladstone, whose guest I was at Hawarden, willingly signed, and most of the members of his Home Rule Cabinet. I have also secured the members of the present Government. When Mrs. Asquith, as Margot Tennant, had the book to sign down in Leicestershire, she was kind enough to mend the leather case and send it back to me with the binding straps which you see on it now.

"This signature of George III. is, I consider, the best illustration of the non-purchasing aspect of my collection.

"One afternoon I was showing my autographs to Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant and a friend of his whose name I had not been able to catch. As the friend and I left the house he asked me to let his wife see the album. 'I am General Sir George Willis,' he added. I went to his home, and there, while turning over the pages, Sir George remarked the absence of Farmer George's autograph. 'If you would care for one, I can supply it,' he said, and left the room, returning a few minutes afterwards with the fine, bold specimen you see here, which he had cut from a military commission."

Major Wright's long association with Church work has enabled him to obtain

the signatures of most of the famous ecclesiastics of the present and the former generation. In the album—which, by the way, bumps the beam at $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.—you may see the autograph of the famous Magee, who preferred to see England free than England sober; of Pusey, Newman, Hurrell Froude, and other leaders of the Oxford Movement; of Dr. Randail Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, and many of his predecessors in office—Howley, Sumner, Longley, Archibald Campbell Tait, Edward White Benson, and Frederick Temple.

The signatures of Dr. Temple and Dr. Davidson recall two amusing anecdotes. Anyone who remembers the late Archbishop of Canterbury, with his brusque

manners and rough exterior, will know that to the autograph hunter he was unapproachable. That is, to the ordinary autograph hunter; but Major Wright is the king of his craft, and when he had marked Dr. Temple for his own the Doctor was as good as defeated.

The first attack, made when Dr. Temple was Bishop of London, met with a point-blank repulse.

"DEAR SIR (it ran),—I am desired by the Bishop of London to inform you that he never encourages autograph collectors."

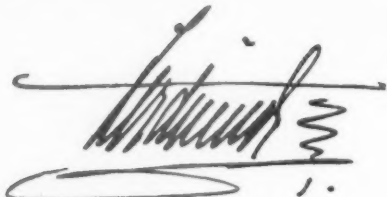
The message was in the writing of the secretary, but the word was that of the Bishop: the voice of Jacob, but the



IN THE TOP RIGHT-HAND CORNER IS THE INSCRIPTION ON A LETTER SENT BY THE PRINCE CONSORT TO THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST. TO THE LEFT IS THE SIGNATURE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, UNDER WHICH IS THAT OF THE EMPRESS.

IN THE THIRD ROW ARE THE SIGNATURES OF PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCESS MARY, THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. QUEEN ALEXANDRA WROTE "OF WALES" AFTER EACH SIGNATURE IN HER OWN HAND, IN ORDER THAT THE IDENTITY OF THE CHILDREN MIGHT BE KNOWN. THE THIRD SIGNATURE IN THE ROW IS THAT OF THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA.

IN THE FOURTH ROW IS THE SIGNATURE OF KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN.



SIGNATURE OF KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

hands of Esau. Major Wright was repulsed, but not downhearted. He made a second attempt, this time hoping that the sweet influence of Mrs. Temple would move the Bishop to pity. The heavy album, safeguarded in its leather case and massive lock, was left at Fulham. Along with it was the key, enclosed in an envelope; for the Major shrewdly suspected that if the curiosity of Dr. Temple and his wife led them to glance through



SIGNATURE OF MR. GLADSTONE.

the album there would be no difficulty in getting the desired signature. But the Bishop was too wary to be caught like that; not even the envelope containing the key was opened.

At length Dr. Winnington-Ingram, then Bishop of Stepney, solved the difficulty. He was looking through the album one day when he noticed the absence of Dr. Temple's signature, and, hearing of the double refusal, he suggested a third



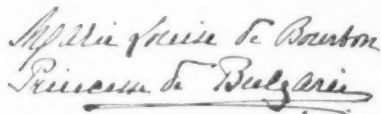
SIGNATURE OF CANON LIDDON

application, at Lambeth, whither the Doctor had removed on his promotion to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Again the influence of Mrs. Temple was invoked, but it was the Archbishop who replied:

"DEAR SIR,—Did the late Archbishop ever sign your book, and if not, why not?"

This was a sign of yielding, and the Major's hopes rose accordingly.

"Well," he said, in telling me this interesting story, "Dr. Benson never



THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, FIRST WIFE OF KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

signed my book, but it was only through lack of opportunity. I knew he was willing to do so, because that engraving of him which you see on the wall there bears his signature, which was specially written for me at my request. Had it not been for his sudden death in Hawarden Church I should have had his autograph. I brought these facts to Dr. Temple's knowledge, and he relented. In a few days I had been down to Lambeth with my album and obtained the signature for which I had been hunting for nearly two years."

The capture of the signature of Dr. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a little history in itself. His Grace and Major Wright have been friends for many years, and the Major recalls the fact that he heard the Archbishop preach his first



SIGNATURE OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.

sermon as curate of Dartford, some thirty-five years ago. It was natural, therefore, that he should willingly inscribe his name in the collection—not once, but three times. The first is "Randall Roffen," when he was Bishop of Rochester; the second as "Randall Winton," Bishop of Winchester; and the third as "Randall Cantuar," Archbishop of Canterbury.

"There," said the Archbishop to Major Wright, as the ink was drying on the last autograph, "the King has signed twice for you, but I have signed thrice."

It was true. Only two signatures of His Majesty appear in the album—one written as Prince of Wales, the other inscribed a few days after his accession.

With the Royal Family Major Wright

is a *persona grata*. From the highest to the lowest each has signed his album and shown the greatest interest in getting signatures from their relatives among the royal families of Europe.

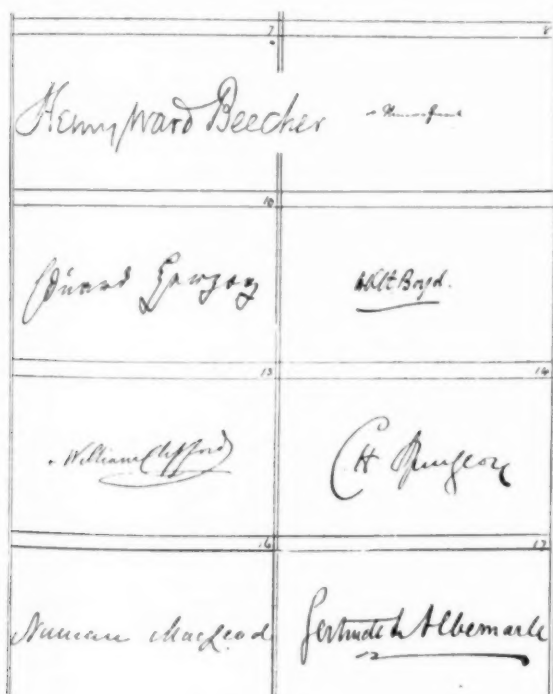
It began with Queen Victoria. Major Wright had long been anxious to obtain Her Majesty's autograph, but in matters of this kind her inflexible rule was never to give a signature to anyone with whom she was personally unacquainted, nor did she allow her family to do so.

"Who are Major Wright's forbears?" asked Her Majesty.

Then it was that the Major had cause to bless his ancestors. His father had been a godson of the Duke of Clarence, who became King William IV., and he had been named after the Sailor Prince. "I am glad to hear that the little fellow is going on well and is able to take wine at the table," the Duke wrote to his godson's

parents. The "little fellow" was of the mature age of three; but wine at the table was in those days considered the proper thing even for children.

Recalling these facts, and unearthing some interesting correspondence on Napoleon's expected invasion of England which had passed between the Duke of Clarence and his grandfather, Major Wright brought the whole matter, including the letters, before Her Majesty, through the good offices of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. The album went to Balmoral, to Windsor, and to Osborne, until the favourable moment arrived when the Queen could be induced to inscribe her name: "Victoria R. I., Balmoral, June 12, 1885." It occupies the place of honour in the book, and as one notes its boldness and strength one can hardly credit that it was written by an old lady rapidly approaching her seventieth year.



W. J. Grace

SIGNATURE OF DR. W. J. GRACE.

Having it now before me, yours

Robert Browning

SIGNATURE OF ROBERT BROWNING, THE POET.

has taught of us

per. effluvia

Elizabeth Browning

SIGNATURE OF HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH B. BROWNING

FIRST ROW: THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
SECOND ROW: DR. A. K. H. BOYD ("A. K. H. B.").
THIRD ROW: THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.
FOURTH ROW: DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

*Hendrik
Prins der Nederlanden
Herzog van Mecklenburg*

SIGNATURE OF PRINCE HENRY OF THE NETHERLANDS, CONSORT
OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.

The King, it may be said with all respect, was an easy victim, and immediately beneath his signature may be seen that of the Queen, who was led to sign in such close proximity by the fact that the present German Emperor and Empress had signed together in one space.

You may also see in the album the signature of the late Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, written only three

Albert Victor

SIGNATURE OF DR. MAGEE, WHEN BISHOP OF
PETERBOROUGH.

weeks before his untimely death; of "George," his brother, now Prince of Wales, and of all the latter's children who can hold a pen. "Edward," "Albert," "Henry," and "Mary" are the juvenile autographs, to which Queen Alexandra, recognising the historical value of the album, added "of Wales" in each case, to show to future generations the actual identity of the young princes and their sister. Prince Albert, it will be noted, adds a flourish to his name, in imitation of Prince Edward, his brother, whom he greatly admires.

Major Wright tells an interesting anecdote in connection with this little group of autographs. When he was showing the album to the young princes, their tutor, Mr. Henry Hansell, was also present. Prince Henry gravely inspected the pages, then looked up and said: "I'm Henry, you're Henry" (indicating the tutor), "and you're Henry," bowing to the Major: "three Henries."

Every sovereign in Europe has signed the book, save two—the Sultan of Turkey, who has not been asked, and the Queen

of Holland, who has been asked by no less a personage than the Duchess of Albany, and has emphatically refused, notwithstanding that her husband, Prince Henry, willingly obliged with his autograph. The signatures of the Danish Royal Family were obtained by Queen Alexandra, who herself took the album over to Copenhagen for that purpose. The Queen of Spain signed

shortly before her marriage, and induced King Alfonso to break his rule for once and add his signature. The autograph of President Roosevelt was brought over from the White House by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, specially for Major Wright. That of King Peter of Serbia was obtained through the good offices of Mr. Whitehead, the British Minister at Belgrade, who sent the precious writing back to Major Wright in the charge of a King's messenger. Another difficult subject to capture was the ex-Empress Eugénie, but Major Wright can point with pride to her name in his album.

Among foreign notabilities one may detect the Sultan of Zanzibar, Ras Makonnen, and the Korean Envoy at the King's Coronation, who signed in Korean, Japanese, and Chinese. Also the autograph of Li Hung Chang, which came through his nephew, the present Minister at the Court of St. James's. Major Wright attempted to get the signature of the distinguished Chinaman when he was in England, but insuperable difficulties were

李鴻章

SIGNATURE OF LI HUNG CHANG, THROUGH WHOM
MAJOR WRIGHT NEARLY LOST HIS ALBUM.

The signature is read from right to left.

in the way, and, what is worse, he ran the risk of losing his album by its being swept up among the oddments of luggage when Li and his party were leaving London for Berlin.

"It is heavily insured, I know," he said to me; "but no amount of money would compensate me for its loss."

The gathering of the Pan-Anglican Congress was a golden opportunity for Major Wright to pursue his hobby, and he met with remarkable success. Out of 240 bishops attending the Congress only twenty-eight evaded his vigilance and got away without signing. Some had known the Major before the call of Christian duty had led them to exile in foreign lands, and they were glad to sign for old acquaintance' sake.

"Why, it's Henry Wright," exclaimed Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Colombo, as he added his signature to the book.

Many autographs were obtained at the stand-up luncheon at Lambeth Palace, some after the various meetings, and some even as the train was about to depart with the right reverend prelates on the first stage of their homeward journey. Dr. Sweatman, the Primate of Canada, was caught in Greenwich Parish Church, where he had been preaching the memorial sermon to General Wolfe.

The names of these clergy find honoured place in the album alongside those of Liddon, Westcott, Kingsley, Livingstone (the gift of his daughter), the murdered

Bishop Patteson, General Booth, D. L. Moody, and hundreds of others who have laboured to preach the Gospel to the people.

And what is to become of this huge collection—the result of many years of labour, involving the writing of thousands of letters, the making of countless journeys? It would be a thousand pities if the dark green volume, in which the best and noblest of our day have written their names, were to pass into the possession of a private person, who might possibly be unsympathetic and neglectful of its treasures; or even if it were to find a home in the gorgeous museum of an American collector. It is reserved for a better fate.

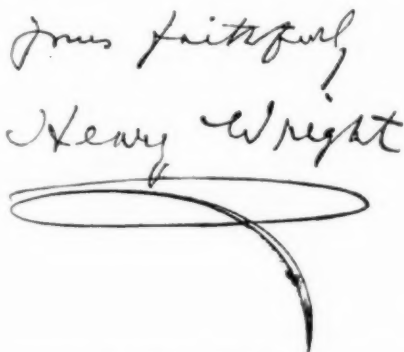
Major Wright has recognised that his splendid album is more than a personal possession; it is a religious, historical, and literary

record, the like of which has never been seen. Made by the nation, it is to become a gift to the nation. Once, when he was visiting the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, Dr. Davidson asked him what he intended to do with "the" autograph book. The Major replied that he intended to bequeath it to the British Museum, of which his Grace is one of the trustees.

"That is just where it ought to be," was Dr. Davidson's approving comment.

And that is just where it will be when the indefatigable collector is gathered to his fathers.

James Fairbairn
Henry Wright



SIGNATURE OF MAJOR WRIGHT, V.D., THE COLLECTOR
OF THE AUTOGRAPHS.



Lady Mabel's New Sensation

A Complete Story

By BASIL TOZER

LADY MABEL FITZGERALD sat alone in her bedroom, thinking. Bored almost to extinction with her amusements, her friends, her daily occupations, with all that ought to make life pleasant, in spirit she cried out to heaven to send her some fresh interest, anything that would drive away her *ennui*. And heaven, this time, heard her cry.

"A gentleman has called, m'lady," the maid said as she handed a card on a salver. "He wishes particularly to know if he can see you, m'lady."

The card bore the name of Mr. Eustace Bickerton. There was no address.

Lady Mabel looked perplexed as she turned the card over in her fingers. The maid waited at her elbow.

"Is he a gentleman, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, m'lady."

"And did he say why he wants to see me?"

"No, m'lady; neither would he come in. He said if your ladyship couldn't see him now he would call again."

Lady Mabel paused, mystified. The name was quite unknown to her. What could a man, whose name she had never heard, want to see her about? She hesitated what to do; then her curiosity conquered her.

"Show him into the drawing-room. Say I will come down in a moment."

"Yes, m'lady."

A tall, exceedingly handsome man, with a face that Lady Mabel thought was the kindest she had ever seen, rose as she entered.

"Mr. Bickerton?"

He bowed slightly, and answered, "Yes."

"Won't you sit down?" Lady Mabel said, indicating a chair.

"I am afraid," the visitor observed, as he drew the chair near the settee on which Lady Mabel was about to seat herself—and in the *timbre* of his voice there was something strangely soothing—"I am afraid you must be surprised at a perfect stranger's calling in this way, un-introduced. I hope you will forgive me?"

Lady Mabel could hardly help smiling. Her shining eyes rested full on his, and the long gaze gave her pleasure. There was something most engaging in his personality. Presently an expression of amusement crept into her eyes.

"I think I must forgive you," she answered, inwardly surprised that she should feel on such good terms in so few moments with a man she had never met before.

"Then let me explain why I have sought this interview," the stranger continued. "May I speak to you quite openly?"

"Oh, do, please."

"I know you well by sight, Lady Mabel, and by repute very well indeed. People have been saying lately that you declare that everything in life bores you, and that you seek some new sensation."

Lady Mabel laughed.

"I was thinking that very thought when your card was brought up to me," she said.

"Then what people say is true?"

"That is true, certainly. Have you brought me a new sensation, Mr. Bickerton?" she asked, chiefly in jest, yet partly in earnest. "Is that what you have come for?"

"It is," he answered without smiling. "I am here because I can afford you a new sensation that I believe will entirely dispel your *ennui*."

"You will indeed be a benefactor!"

"But first I want to ask you something. Do you remember, on Tuesday last, being in your car outside a shop in Bond Street, waiting apparently for somebody to come out?"

For a moment Lady Mabel concentrated her thoughts, gazing at the floor.

"Yes, I do remember," she exclaimed, suddenly looking up.

"Then you will recollect this also. A ragged wretch stood on the kerb, staring hard at you and at your car. You noticed him, and, having nothing else to do or think about, you watched him. All at once your mind became flooded with compassion. In a moment of impulse you produced your

purse, beckoned to him to approach, and slipped a sovereign into his hand."

"Gracious! How do you know?"

"Because I was standing by and saw you do it. Unnoticed by you, I watched your face for some moments after you had done that. Your expression had changed. You looked—may I make an extremely personal remark?"

"Oh, yes."

"You looked even more beautiful, Lady Mabel, than you generally look."

The woman coloured for an instant. The remark had pleased her; nevertheless, she felt embarrassed.

"Do please come to the object of your visit," she said, rather hurriedly.

"I am coming to it now. You admit that you are bored—wearied of everything and everybody. I, too, was at one period of my life weary of everything and everybody. I, too, sought some fresh sensation that would bring happiness and pleasure. And I found it."

"Oh, do tell me what it is."

"Can you spare a few hours? Will you come with me for a little while if I promise to show you what it was I found?"

Lady Mabel paused at this strange petition.

"I think this is an odd request, Mr. Bickerton," she said at last. "Where is it you wish me to go with you, and when do you wish me to go?"

"Now, if you have time. But I will not tell you in advance where I am going to take you. You must trust me."

The woman's eyes met his, and rested there. He was extraordinarily good-looking. Also his eyes were quite exceptionally intelligent. Lady Mabel's experience of men had been wide, and possibly peculiar, for the set in which she moved were men and women of the modern world of pleasure. She had met handsome and stupid men; handsome and clever men; handsome and evil men. All had become more or less her willing slaves. Yet she could not recollect having ever before met any man quite like this handsome stranger.

"Must I be very smart for the occasion?" she asked, as she prepared to rise.

"On the contrary," he answered; "he as 'un-smart' as you please. Indeed, that you shall be 'un-smart' is a condition I must impose."

"You will have to wait a few minutes, then, while I get ready," she answered, rising. "I will send in a newspaper for you to read until I come back."

Eustace Bickerton held open the door, and Lady Mabel swept out of the room, giving him a bright smile as she passed. A moment later he was alone.

II

FROM a taxi-cab that drew up at the Paul's Head, in Spitalfields, a man alighted, and then a woman. There was nothing very striking about them, except their looks. The woman was plainly dressed, the man wore a coat and cap. As they passed along the tortuous maze of evil-smelling streets, with which the man seemed quite familiar, the woman suddenly spoke.

"I had no idea," she exclaimed in an undertone, "such squalor as this existed."

They crossed Dorset Street, famous for its doss-houses, then dived again into a network of narrow courts and alleys, where men and women, hollow-eyed and shrunk, with hunger written large across their faces, met them at every turn. Too listless to look to right or left, these human derelicts, reduced by untold misery into dull submission, faced their fate in silence. Men ragged to the verge of tatters shuffled aimlessly along, staring vacantly before them as if dead to their surroundings. Women with creased and hideous faces hung about in desolation, too wretched to speak, too weary to think, some with infants that feebly whined at the futility of their frenzied attempts to obtain nourishment from their mothers' breasts. In the eyes of all the same horrible expression lay, denoting hunger, cold, despair. Lady Mabel shuddered. Sometimes, though not often, she had traversed "slummy" streets in London and seen ragged men and women, also tattered children. The women and the men had scowled at her as she went by, and so allayed her sympathy. The children had looked well cared for, and, by the noise they made whilst playing, they were happy in their dirt and rags. Never—never, in the wildest flights of her imagination, had she pictured such spectacles as she saw now. Thoughtless, pleasure-loving, craving ever for excitement, Lady Mabel, at heart

kind and sympathetic, underwent during that brief hour an extraordinary mental transformation.

Why had she been reared in ignorance of this appalling misery to be found in the very heart of the world's most civilised capital? Civilised! She almost smiled with irony as the word framed itself. She had heard, until the phrases became hackneyed through reiteration, the common talk about London's poor and the amazing improvidence of some of them. She had heard indiscriminate charity condemned by well-nourished, smooth-tongued orators and political economists, who attributed to it many evils, and spoke with pride of the parsimony they "forced" themselves to observe. She had heard, too, of the constitutional "work-shyness" of the unemployed, and of the incompetency of the unemployable, and many a time she herself had talked as she had heard others talk, calmly, dispassionately, and—as she had until now believed—very philosophically. And all the time her "philosophy" had been bred of ignorance! Now her woman's sense of justice and detestation of injustice sprang suddenly into being, where until this moment it had lain dormant.

"That such a state of living should be possible," she exclaimed beneath her breath; "and that I should only now have come to know of it!"

"In every great city it is much the same," Bickerton answered without emotion. "There is more, much more, that I could show you, but you must not come here at night. What you see about you now is but the fringe of this hideous poverty. It is little by comparison with the misery within these houses, or most of them, where men are ill, and women too, and where children moan for bread and warmth. Every winter this is so, but this winter it is worse—the ranks of the unemployed and unemployable are so much swollen."

For a moment the woman paused.

"Why have you brought me here, Mr. Bickerton?" she asked suddenly. "Did you wish to make me wretched?"

"You craved some new sensation."

"Yes, but not a sensation that would harrow me."

"You need not be harrowed by it, Lady Mabel, seeing that it lies within your power to help to mitigate this misery."

"To mitigate it? I?"

"And why not? You are extremely rich. When you gave that sovereign to the Bond Street beggar it gave you pleasure. And, as you help to mitigate this misery, so, in exact proportion, will your pleasure—your 'new sensation'—be. Don't you follow what I mean?"

"Why did you not tell me this afternoon you meant to bring me here?"

"Would you have come if I had told you—if I had said I meant to take you into a part of London where true misery and starvation are to be seen in their dreadful nakedness? You know you would not have come. You would have told me that you knew all about it—that you believed it to be terrible, but that, after all, the poor had been with us always and must remain with us. Other trite remarks you would have added, and there are arguments you would have advanced that none can talk against."

"So you brought me here expressly to excite my pity?"

"Expressly. Years ago, by accident, I came to see all this. At that time I too was bored to death. I had done everything, practically. Nothing interested me any more, except, perhaps, my state of health, which I imagined to be failing. Dismay and horror overwhelmed me when I saw for the first time what I have now just shown you. From that time onward my life was changed. I had a vast fortune, and I determined to make use of it. I have made use of it ever since, yet the principal of that vast fortune I have still."

"And have you helped?" the woman asked, becoming interested.

"I have done a little," the man said very modestly. "Several days in each week I come into this neighbourhood, or go into some neighbourhood where the distress is very great. I am not interested in any philanthropic organisation—at least in this connection. By degrees I have become acquainted with the lives of many of these men and women, and in cases where the distress appears to me to be most acute I help such men and women to tide over their embarrassment, if I may call it so, until they can get work. Many hundreds of such people I have relieved, from first to last, and for some I have obtained work; yet the demand on my purse has not been



"'I had no idea,' she exclaimed in an undertone, 'such squalor as this existed'"—p. 385.

great. A sack of coal, some loaves of bread, a suit of clothes, the weekly rent—when all is said, the cost is small even when many times repeated—less by far, for instance, than my shooting or my hunting used to cost me. Yet don't suppose I do this from philanthropy. I do it because the sight of these people's lives temporarily brightened affords me gratification—gives me pleasure. I do it practically to amuse myself, as in the days gone by I used to shoot and hunt and do many other things, all of which in the end palled on me. Strangely enough, since my time is taken up and my mind has become fully occupied I no longer think about my health, which, I believe in consequence of this has enormously improved. And I no longer suffer from ennui."

The woman did not answer. Now as they reached a turning near the docks, some hundreds of men appeared, waiting in a queue. Bickerton addressed some of them, and the woman, standing by, listened to

their answers. Since six o'clock that morning the majority had been waiting there. They waited still in the hope of getting work. One had a wife and children; they were starving. One had a mother who for six-and-thirty hours had tasted nothing. A third, with a consumptive brother who could not work, had pawned bed and bedding to buy food and coal. Were these skilled labourers, Bickerton presently inquired of the overseer, or were they derelicts, the unemployable because incompetent?

"Good workmen, almost all," was the brief reply; and then the overseer added, "We can give work daily to about a tenth of these applicants for work, and they have each to take their turn."

Some hours later Eustace Bickerton and Lady Mabel sped again towards the West End in the cab that had awaited them in the City. Neither spoke. But the woman's thoughts were working at high pressure.

III

TOWARDS the end of June, some six months after the incidents had occurred that have been recorded, a man and woman sauntered slowly, side by side, in a valley in the very heart of Dartmoor. The setting sun just touching the gorse-grown ridge of a far-distant hill resembled a blood-red fireball resting on a bed of gold. No sound broke the perfect stillness. The very boulders seemed to sleep. At last Bickerton spoke.

"There is something," he said in rather a husky voice, "something very serious I want to say to you, Lady Mabel. For months past—in fact, since we became friends—I have wanted to say it, but have not dared."

"Not dared?" she answered, breathing quickly, but striving to appear unconcerned. "And why not?"

"Because, to be quite frank with you, as I always have been, I feared to lose your friendship."

No human dwelling was in sight. Around them the vast expanse of heather undulated like the surging billows of an ocean. Instinctively they paused to rest against a moss-grown boulder they were passing.

"I rented the moorland house that we are staying in," he went on quickly, "not because I love these glorious landscapes, but because—because——"

"Yes?"

"Lady Mabel," he exclaimed abruptly, "is the name Moberley familiar to you?"

The woman's brow contracted. Then presently she looked up at him.

"It seems to be," she replied, thoughtfully; "and yet I cannot—ah, yes, I have it now. The name was prominent years ago in connection with some *cause célèbre*—a Glasgow banker, was it not, was tried for something shady?"

"As you say, for 'something shady,'" Bickerton answered with a curious smile. "He was tried for embezzling some trust moneys and sentenced to penal servitude. Lady Mabel, my name is not Bickerton. My name is Moberley!"

She started up, staring at him in dismay.

"You! You were convicted of embezzlement, and sent to penal servitude!"

"My father was. That was seven years ago. His sentence ends to-morrow, and from the prison beyond that hill where the sun is sinking he will come straight

to me on his release. All this is arranged, and that is why I took the house where we are staying—that he might join me there and make plans about his future."

The woman's eyes met his and rested there, as they had done before so often.

"Well?" she asked at last, still looking at him calmly. "What else have you to tell me? I am waiting for you to speak."

"What *else*?" he cried aloud. "Is not that enough?"

"I don't see that your father's misfortune in any way reflects on you," she answered, her eyes becoming strangely soft. "When am I to meet him? To-morrow night?"

For some moments the man stared hard at her. When at last he spoke, his voice shook.

"You consent to meet him, then—to converse with him—to shake hands with—with a man who is a convict?"

"He will no longer be a convict, from what you say. By this time to-morrow evening your father will be free again. Why should I not meet him, converse with him, and shake hands with him?"

The man did not answer. His eyes were clouded by a strange mist. He tried to speak, but words refused to come. His throat was dry. Then, all at once, moved by some inner force that swept his will, he leant quickly forward. The barrier that he had dreaded so was broken down. The woman lay in his arms and she was sobbing.

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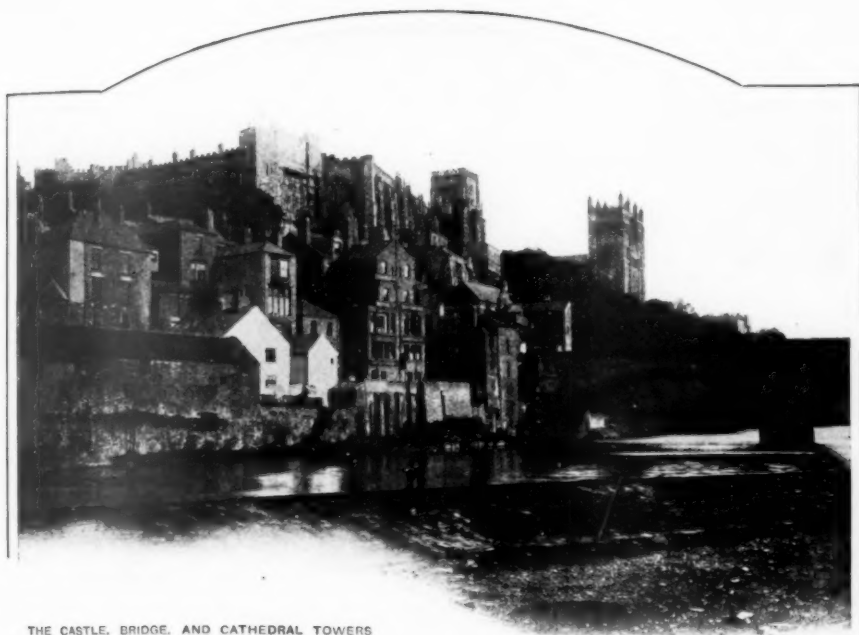
The sun sank into its bed of gold, and the mist that floated up the valley gradually enveloped them. Gaunt and grim the granite boulders loomed large in the fading light. Darkness had crept over hill and dale before she spoke again.

"Eustace, do you know the sort of life that I have lived, the sort of woman I have been?"

"I know much, but I ask nothing except that you should tell me nothing," he said. "Perhaps I, too, have led a curious life; but the past we must forget."

"You!" she exclaimed, and her voice was strangely tense. "Had I met such a man as you ten years ago, how different my life would have been during these past years—oh, how different!"

Beneath the starlit sky they sauntered onward up the valley, and the mighty solitude encompassed them.



THE CASTLE, BRIDGE, AND CATHEDRAL TOWERS
OF DURHAM.

Faith and Character

By the Right Rev. HANDLEY MOULE, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FROM a certain point of view and with watchful limitations we may affirm that the aim and function of true religion is the making of character.

The words do need limitation; they need around them the recollection of yet greater truths. At the present day there is a strong and complex movement in thought and speech about religion which trends away from the eternal and the divine towards ideas too much bounded by "this present world" and by humanity as its inhabitant. One would think sometimes, as one reads or hears discourse upon religion, in undoubtedly Christian quarters, that religion existed ultimately to make this world a scene of universal enlightenment and comfort, and that when that end was attained religion would have won its victory and received its kingdom.

So far has such a tendency gone that it has come to be almost out of fashion,

in many Christian pulpits belonging to many Christian communions, to make much reference to a revealed eternal future. This is supposed, apparently, to be unpractical. Our concern is to be not with an invisible and, in many respects, unimaginable world to come, but with the world visible and present. Not the gate of pearl, the street of gold, the crystalline river of life, and the trees which beside it bear their immortal fruits amidst their healing leaves, but the street, the lane, the slum of the modern town—this is the proper theme of the preacher. The miseries and wrongs around us, the responsibility of the prosperous community for their existence, the duty to work for their cure, here lies the true line of speech.

The Spiritual Solar System

It is the case, too, if I mistake not, that in large areas of Christian thought

and teaching a most inadequate place is given to the supreme and sovereign glory of God. Very little is said now in the sense of that memorable answer to the question, "What is the chief and highest end of man?" "*To glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.*" In a way strange and disquieting, when we come to think of it, if we retain any reverential confidence in Scripture as revelation, it would seem to be assumed that rather God exists for man than man for God; that the highest aim of man is to realise himself, and that the work, I had almost dared to say the duty, of God is to enable man to do so.

In all these types of thought there lie embedded large fragments and elements of truth. It is indeed imperative on Christian men to care very greatly about misery and wrong around them. No words of mine are strong enough to emphasise as I would that claim upon the conscience. It is indeed the sacred duty of man, made in God's image, to seek to realise in humbleness, fear, and hope, his own glorious ideal. But these all-important duties can never be done rightly while the spiritual solar system is wrongly interpreted, and man is practically made its sun and God its planet; nor while the being born for immortality is allowed to think that his ideal can ever be approached while he declines to look at, and ultimately and steadfastly to live for, the things not seen which are eternal. And assuredly it will be found that just as God resumes His right supremacy in thought and worship, and heaven its right place in living hope, the life that now is, and the humanity that is passing through it, will best "come to their own" in present conditions of righteousness, purity, and love.

But this being said, and it seemed worth the while to say it, we return to the assertion of the unspeakable importance of the making of character, and the greatness of it as an aim of religion. Let us with worshipping watchfulness set the Lord God on the throne in all our thoughts. Let us be perfectly sure that man's highest glory is to exist altogether for Him. But then, and therefore, let us remember the mysterious greatness and significance of man, who was created

in the image of God on purpose that he might exist worthily for Him. Let us see in that very fact the motive which is to animate man with the ambition to develop character to its ideal, not that he may merely "possess himself," but that he may be the fitter to be the possession of his God.

Faith as Aid to a Full Life

Such a purpose is put before us in apostolic terms in a memorable passage in that most moving of dying letters, the Second Epistle to Timothy. There, in the second chapter, St. Paul lays it on Timothy, and through him upon every Christian, to make it his ambition to be "a vessel unto honour, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work." The man is to find his true ideal in being the property, the implement, of Another, of his divine and autocratic Possessor, his *Despotes*, if I may transcribe the significant Greek word. But how is this to be? From the man's own point of view, it is to be by the freest possible resolve to purify and elevate his own character. "If a man purify himself from these things," if he cleanse his spirit of wrong motives, his life of evil habits, then "he shall be a vessel unto honour." Is not this just to say in other words that he is to seek by every means the fulness of the Christian character, on purpose that he may be better and a more usable implement of the will of Christ?

Now to such a growth and fulness of our true selves a potent means is Faith. Again we remember what Faith is. It is personal trust in a person, exercised by a living soul in a real life. Such trust, in its successive acts, will have its particular and immediate aims and effect. But as the acts collect themselves into a habit they will have results far transcending any immediate occasion. They will be a power in and on the character.

As one result, they will deepen and develop the consciousness of dependence. Cultivating the habit of trust in a known, worshipped, beloved Master, the disciple will more and more consciously find and feel his centre of repose and strength not in himself but in "Him in Whom he has believed." Faith, the act and the habit, will have thus a profound

influence on that side of Christian character which is at least as vital as any other, its side of humility. As necessary as the root to the plant, as necessary as the foundation to the structure, so is humility to the organism of the Christian character. It is humility at the basis of all other characteristics which gives its peculiar quality to Christian virtue; to the courage, for example, to the endurance, to the purity of principle, to the hatred of evil in every form, which is shown by the true disciple.

The Secret of Humility

The true secret for the presence and growth of true humility resides just here, in the felt and cherished fact of an entire dependence on Another, and that other—Jesus Christ. It is no product of an artificial and studied self-abasement, an elaborate practice of certain definite humiliations. Such things, especially when they take shape in acts and practices which in the least degree tend to make a display of "voluntary humility" (Col. ii. 18), can very easily slide into a subtle but dangerous form of self-exaltation, hard, cold, ambitious, untrue, tainted with a Pharisaic readiness to compare self favourably, however secretly, with others. But the humility "which is from above" is a very different thing. It rises out of a close contact between the disciple and the Master, the vassal and his Lord. That contact keeps the man always and *naturally* low and little in his own esteem, yet in a manner which has not the slightest connection with debasement. It means the habitual consciousness of an immeasurable difference, an infinite superiority in the glorious other Person. But this consciousness is so vitally penetrated with a concurrent certainty of connection, of affinity, that there is nothing in it of repulsion. Rather it involves an indescribable attraction, and the reception into the whole humbled being of the uplifting and ennobling "power of Christ."

Rooted into Power

This contact is maintained above all by the exercise of Faith, the personal trust of the dependent Christian in the personal Christ. As this trust is habitually

put forth on its Object, its effect on the believing heart is always formative of the true humility which we have tried to describe. At the basis of the man's being he is always thus being "rooted" downwards, not into weakness but into power. He is always being drawn away from self-complacency into contentment with his Lord, from the unsettling pains of mortification, the other side of vanity, into rest in the greatness and goodness of His will in trial. He becomes in character one of the strong and happy people of whom the young shepherd of the fair Valley of Humiliation sings, in the "Pilgrim's Progress":

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his Guide."

Yes; because the dependent spirit is the meek spirit. And "the meek will He guide in judgment, the meek will He teach His way."

Faith and the Making of Character.

It is obvious that Faith will have a great range of working, besides that thus indicated, in the making of the Christian character, though all such other workings will be found to be related to this, the deepest. It is certain that the habit of Faith will tend directly to develop in the character that "*patience* which is almost power," which, in fact, is power, if it is patience in its Scriptural sense, that is to say, the persistency which rises up and goes on again. The heart's habitual reference of its problems, speculative, emotional, practical, not merely to the often noisy authority of its own cogitations, but first and most to a present Friend at once perfectly wise, perfectly powerful, and all-kind, will promote a "quietness" as well as "confidence" which will preclude panic, and haste, and self-will, and will have a wonderful faculty for uphill paths and tiring roads.

A soldier, reliant on a perfectly and justly trusted leader, will need very little exhortation to remember the value of discipline and the duty of obedience, even amidst alarming difficulties. His trust schools him of itself into orderliness and courage.

Have we ever studied in personal

examples the character-making power of Christian Faith? We may very possibly have known by living intercourse some eminent examples of "the life, walk, and triumph of Faith"—eminent, perhaps, not in the least by a wide reputation, but by a holy fulness of contact with God, viewed best behind the more public scenes of life. Christian history is full of illustrations of the power which a trust in "Him Who is invisible" has over the attitude of a whole personality towards all that is most visible—chastening, calming, elevating, detaching from the encumbrances of self-will, while the will is nerved and developed to its utmost

for unselfish action or endurance by a repose upon the will supreme. But we need not go to public records only for such phenomena. I have seen them where the muse of history never watches and transcribes—"in the huts where poor men lie," in the walks of unnoticed pastoral devotion, in the life of the self-forgetting mother, in the sick chamber where the outward man indeed did perish, but the inward man grew day by day into a new symmetry and strength. The secret was everywhere open, and everywhere the same. In its pure essence it was Faith. It lay in the formative power of a perpetual contact with the trusted Christ.



GRANT US THY PEACE

GRANT us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we,
At morn, with dauntless heart,
Set forth to face the fight, where we
And all must bear a part.

Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we,
Beneath the noontide sun,
Begin to weary of our work
Ere half our task is done.

Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we
Through thorny paths must go,
That we may bathe our bruised feet
Where the still waters flow.

Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we,
Weary at eventide,
Our faltering footsteps homeward turn
Adown the steep hillside.

Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we
Can fight the fight no more,
But, faint and weary, long to reach
The everlasting shore.

Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we
Draw near the awful brink
Of the dark river, lest beneath
Its rolling tide we sink.

Grant us Thy Peace, O Lord, when we
Before the great white Throne
Stand humbly, trusting Thou wilt deign
To claim us for Thine own.

JANE MULLEY.

Our Portrait Page

METHODISM runs in the blood of the Rev. J. E. Rattenbury, one of the most prominent and promising men in that denomination. His father and grandfather



(Photo: Haines.)

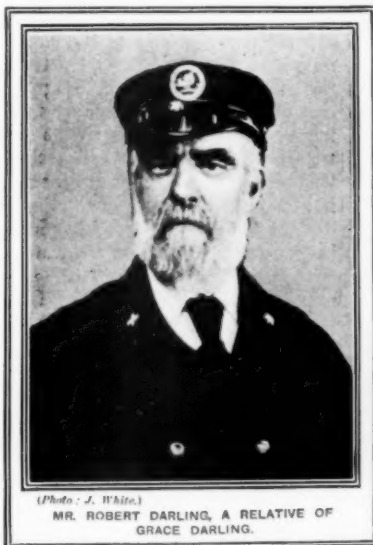
THE REV. J. E. RATTENBURY.

were Methodist preachers too. Mr. Rattenbury has seen service in Leicester and Nottingham, but in London, where he is in charge of the West London Mission, "the coming Hugh Price Hughes," as he is called, has distinctly made a mark. After many wanderings from one hall to another, the Mission has settled down in the Lyceum Theatre, where services are held every Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Rattenbury himself gives the address at each service, and his aim is to attract the young men and women who pass their Sundays in wandering aimlessly about.

* * *

MR. ROBERT DARLING has just retired from the Trinity Service after thirty-six years' continuous service as a lighthouse keeper. In an interview, he had some very interesting things to say about lighthouse duties, and about the remarkable record of his family in that branch of the Trinity Service. Here is his story told in his own words: "Well, I was

born on the Longstone lighthouse in the year 1846, two years after my Aunt Grace died. My father lived on the island as assistant-keeper to his father, who was Grace Darling's father. I was there fourteen years; my father was shifted to the Coquet Island as principal; and then I went to sea for ten years. Many a rough night I had while at sea, but I left that and joined the Trinity Service after my father died, and have been in it up to the present. I was at Souter Point lighthouse for twenty-four years. It is electric light with boilers



(Photo: J. White.)

MR. ROBERT DARLING, A RELATIVE OF GRACE DARLING.

and engines. When I got my promotion I was sent to the Chapman on the London river. I was there for three years, and from there I was sent back to the Longstone, my home and birth-place, and have remained there for eight years. As for shipwrecks, it would take me a week to tell you all, as I have never kept the dates of them; but I must say I have seen a great many in my time, and I have helped to save several people in very rough weather. My great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and I have all lived as keepers on the Farne Islands."

Margaret Chettle, Maiden Lady

By the Rev. HERBERT W. HORWILL, M.A.

ON the north wall of Ripon Cathedral may be seen a tablet with the following inscription, "This keeps alive the worthy fame of Margaret Chettle, maiden lady, who educated the youth of her sex for forty years at Ripon in useful learning, and adorned them with her virtues, free from the gloss of wealth and ostentation: heav'n graced her humble walk in life with majesty of mind, and look, and acts of pure benevolence: for tho' her scanty means sprung only from her own industry, she made them flow, with silent sweetness, to help the work of charity. She died on the 8th of December, 1813, at the age of eighty-one, and was buried in this Church."

The simplicity and quaintness of this old-world epitaph at once arrest the attention of the modern visitor. But it is not merely the archaic flavour of the phraseology that bids one pause. All around are the sculptured memorials of men who in their day played a prominent part in the movements of the great world—the tombs of great bishops and ecclesiastics, the effigies of mediæval knights, and the busts of many others who won distinction in the service of the state. But to-day we read with hardly more than an antiquarian curiosity the inscriptions that record their contemporary fame, while this tribute to the faithful country schoolma'am touches us with a sympathy akin to that of the affectionate friend who inscribed it to her memory.

The lot of Margaret Chettle was cast in a stirring period of our national history. She had just entered her teens when Charles Edward, the Stuart Pretender, invaded England, and passed not many miles west of Ripon to a point considerably south of it. For nearly all her days, the chief news that came to her neighbourhood was news of war. How uneventful in comparison must have seemed the life of her home. To spend the whole long year from January to December in this narrow environment, in teaching children their horn-book and primer! And the same drudgery over again the next year, and the next, for forty years in all! Did she never long for an opportunity to exercise her talents on a larger stage, and to forsake the common round of daily duty that she might win a name for herself?

Margaret Chettle may have had her moments of discontented ambition, when the career of a schoolma'am in a quiet Yorkshire borough seemed hardly worth being born for. But she put away from her every desire that savoured of "the gloss of wealth and ostentation." She cannot have spent on herself more than was required by the plainest necessities of life. Her "scanty means sprung only from her own industry" in the poorly paid occupation of an eighteenth-century teacher, yet she spared enough for the benefit of others to be remembered for her "acts of pure benevolence."

Nearly a century has passed since she rested from her labours. But her gentle and unassuming ministry is not yet at an end. It is the meek that inherit the earth, and it is the memory of the just that is blessed when more brilliant reputations have crumbled into dust. It was no idle prediction of her friend that this tablet would "keep alive" her "worthy fame." Day after day men and women from all parts of the British Isles, and from countries over-seas, pass through the aisles of the venerable church, and to not a few of them this memorial brings a message of strength and peace as they pause to read its unaffected story.

Nurse Thompson's Promise

A Complete Story

By MARGARET WATSON

T-R-R-R-R-R! went the telephone in the matron's room.

"Nurse wanted. Pneumonia patient. Gentleman. Blundell's Hotel, South Street."

"Nurse Thompson will be there as soon as possible," replied the matron, who then went to the speaking tube and asked for Nurse Thompson to be sent to her at once.

In a few moments the nurse appeared, a dark-eyed, pleasant-faced woman. The white cap set off well her dark hair and bright clear complexion.

"Can you be ready in fifteen minutes to undertake a pneumonia case in Blundell's Hotel?" the matron asked.

"Certainly," replied the nurse. "It's bad weather for pneumonia," she added with a shiver, as the icy wind whistled round the house.

"Yes, we get all our share of the east wind here in Edinburgh," replied the matron, "and Blundell's is an old house. Be sure and take sufficient wraps."

Nurse Thompson was ready before the fifteen minutes were over, and on her way in a cab to her destination. It was an old hotel, which had once been fashionable, standing in a narrow street. It still had a certain *clientèle* among colonials who came to it because their fathers had frequented it, but modern improvements had passed it by. There was no lift, for instance, and Nurse Thompson had to climb long flights of steps before she found herself on the flat allotted to her patient. She was to undertake the case single-handed, but one of the maids was to wait on her, and stay with the patient when she needed rest.

She took off her cloak and bonnet in the room pointed out as hers, and ascertained that she and the patient were to have the flat to themselves. No one else was sleeping so high up; the maids were in another wing. Then she went to see her "case."

Her quick eye saw at a glance what was wanted—the pillows were tumbled and uncomfortable, the clothes twisted awry; two

or three dirty cups and glasses stood on the dressing-table.

The nurse went to the patient, raised his head gently, and plumped up and replaced his pillows with a skilful movement, made the maid help her straighten the clothes above and below him till there were no worrying wrinkles, and then got some hot water and softly sponged his face till the weary lines smoothed themselves out. Then she washed the cups and glasses, and with a few touches brought order and neatness into the room. The sick man's eyes followed her, not comprehending, but somehow soothed by the feeling that capable hands were about him.

When she had done all she could she took a chair by the bed and considered her patient.

He was an enormously tall man, with a clear-cut handsome face, flushed with fever, blue eyes, unnaturally bright, strong well-shaped hands, which had not yet lost their tan. She saw he was very ill. A gleam of consciousness had come into his face when she first came in, and then he had lain quiet for a while; but, as she watched, he became restless and wandered off into delirium, mixing up incoherent talk of his sheep and cattle, a wild horse he was breaking, the rain that would not come, and how everything was scorched and brown and hot—so hot!

She was glad when the doctor came, although his grave looks were not reassuring, and he was soon gone again, leaving her with full directions for the night.

It was a terrible night, for the poor man fancied himself lost in the bush—saw wild beasts prowling, and snakes gliding in and out—called on his wife and child, and struggled to rise that he might go to them. Nurse Thompson entreated and coaxed and threatened till he turned to her like a child, and begged her to take him home, and she promised him that if he would lie still and do just as he was told she would help him to find his way back

from this strange place to the familiar ways and the dear faces. Then he was quiet, and slept for a little while.

His was "a very severe case." The Scotch winter was near being the death of a man born and brought up in Australia. Nurse Thompson was almost worn out, but she would not give up her patient, and when the doctor suggested that it was getting too much for her she only answered:

"I promised him I'd help him to go home. Let me stay unless you think a fresh nurse could do more for him than I can."

The doctor assured her that was impossible, so she stayed on, fighting the disease inch by inch, and growing to like more and more this big man who, when not madly delirious, did everything she told him like a child, never complained of his own suffering, or feared for his own life, but thought only of her weariness, and feared only for the wife and little son he might have to leave to fight the world alone. But he should not leave them if she could do anything to prevent it, Nurse Thompson resolved.

She knew, too, that when she had done all she could, the issue was in higher hands, and she prayed for the life of this man as she had never prayed for a personal boon.

So the days wore on, and bit by bit the disease was driven back. The lungs cleared, the fever abated, and he lay there with every bit of strength burnt out of him—all the colour gone which an Australian sun had given him—white, weak, helpless as a baby, needing nothing now but care and feeding.

"He's turned the corner," said the doctor. "He'll do now."

Nurse Thompson took up her station by him that night with a heart full of thankfulness.

He slept for a long time, then woke, and she prepared some food and fed him. He took it eagerly, and slept again. She sat beside him in an easy chair, dozing, and feeling a blissful sense of relief from anxiety.

About three o'clock in the morning he woke, and she fed him again. He lay silent for a while, not sleeping, and she prepared a cup of tea for herself. Then he said suddenly:

"I can smell fire."

"No, no," she said; "it's all right. Go to sleep again."

But she moved to get her thermometer, fearing the fever had returned. He motioned her away impatiently, and tried to rise on his elbow, but fell back.

"It's not the fever," he said. "I can smell fire; open the door and see."

She went to the door to pacify him, opened it, and there, curling up the stairs, was a wreath of smoke. Her heart stood still. They were alone on the top flat, and the man was helpless.

"Fire! Fire! Help!" she screamed.

She heard sounds of the house rousing down below. The smoke crept up, and she went back into the room and shut the door.

The Australian tried to sit up, but dropped down again fainting. She gave him the cup of hot tea she had prepared, and the faintness passed.

"Go!" he said, as soon as he could speak. "Go quickly, before it is too late. Never mind me."

"I'll not leave you," she said; "someone will come for us."

"No one will come, and it will be too late if you don't go at once. You can't help me; don't throw your life away. Go—go now, this moment!"

His voice, weak as he was, had the ring of command, but she did not stir.

The smoke began to filter in under the door.

"Look!" he said. "Nurse, I implore you to leave me—"

"I won't," she said; "I can't. I've helped you through so far. I couldn't live after it if I left you now, and we may both be saved yet. I'm going to wrap you up in blankets, and you must help me."

He said no more, for the smoke was coming in so thickly that he saw she had probably lost her chance already, so he did what he could to help her as she rolled him round with blankets, only insisting that she should wrap herself also in one. By that time the room was full of smoke.

Just then they heard the sound of galloping and shouting.

"The fire engine! Thank God!" he said.

She ran to the window and saw the brigade arrive. Flames were pouring out of the lower storeys now, and the whole street was lit up. She threw up the window,



"I can smell fire; open the door and see."

screaming "Help! Help!" till one of the firemen saw her, and shouted back an answer.

"You'll have to shut the window," said the Australian from the bed. "The draught is encouraging the fire."

She pulled down the window. Little tongues of flame were breaking into the room.

Was this to be the end of it? Had she nursed him back from death's door only that he should die in a much more terrible way, lying helpless in his bed? How much better to have passed quietly away, half consciously, those many times when he had been so near the borderland. And his poor wife—must she be told the awful truth?

Somehow Nurse Thompson scarcely thought of herself. She had been giving herself to him for so long, had been so absorbed in the effort to keep him in this world and send him home as she had promised, that the thought of his fate swallowed up her own fear. She knelt by

the bed, holding his hand, her face hidden, but listening intently for the first sound at the window which should tell of rescue. The Australian, too, was silent, but his clasp of her hand was firm and steady; he was prepared to face death, however it might come.

But how long the minutes were! And how thick the room was getting! And the little tongues of flame were growing larger, and the roaring of the fire below was almost deafening. So loud was it that she heard nothing else till he said, very quietly:

"There they are. Go first. They will come back for me."

She sprang to the window as the fireman threw it up.

"Quick!" he said, seizing her. "The fire's breaking through!"

She glanced back. The door, blazing and crackling, fell in with a crash. She drew back.

"There's a sick man here," she said; "help me get him out."

The fireman gave a look at the flaring boards, but stepped into the room at once.

"Where is he?" he asked, for the smoke and glare blinded him.

She took his hand and guided him to the bed. The man felt for his burden and tried to raise it. The Australian fainted quietly away.

"Help me!" gasped the man. "He's too heavy—I canna lift him!"

She took the patient's feet, and between them they carried him to the window and got him through it. It was a perilous business; the ladder did not reach the window, and the fireman had to swing himself down while she clung to the helpless burden, and then let it slide down into the fireman's arms.

"Send him on to the North Street Hospital at once," she said.

"All right, and I'll come back for you," returned the man.

Then she thought of herself. The fire had full possession of the room now, and was roaring towards the window. In a few moments—how few?—it would reach her, and there would be no standing ground for her. She climbed out and sat on the window ledge, clinging to the sash. She could not reach the ladder with her feet, she knew she could not swing herself down to it; there was nothing she could hold with sufficient firmness. A glance down at the street below, and the upturned faces watching her, lit by the red glare of the fire, made her dizzy.

The fire was close behind her now; the heat was almost unbearable; a flame licked the blanket that was round her. Must she die so?

"Anyway, I've helped him home," she said.

A great crackling and rending made her look back into the furnace behind her. The floor had given way, and she saw the Australian's bed topple over and sink down into a flaming gulf.

"Now!" cried a voice below her, and

the fireman had her by the feet. "I've got ye! Dinna be afraid! Hold on wi' yer hands and let yersel' doon."

She did as she was told and just as he got her safely to the ladder the fire burst out through the window and flamed high into the sky.

"We'd nae muckle to spare that time," said the man, "but if ye hedna stayed by the chap he'd never hae cam' oot o' that alive."

Nurse Thompson had to take a fortnight off duty after that night's experience, following on the long strain of nursing, but she was soon able to go and see her Australian, and satisfy herself that he was having every care and getting on splendidly.

When he started for home at last she saw him off from the docks. His gratitude was too deep for words. He held her hands and looked into her face dumbly. She answered the look in his eyes.

"I promised to try and help you home that first night," she said, "when you thought you were lost in the bush. I had to do what I could."

"I want another promise from you now," he said. "If ever I can help you in any way, big or little, will you tell me?"

He crushed her hands in his till she had promised, but she felt no pain till afterwards.

Letters came for Nurse Thompson, and lovely presents from the far land, sent by the two who owed so much to her. And years after her Australian came back, bringing the wife and son and a little daughter they had named after her, and they had a royal time together in the old grey city, under sunny skies which effaced the memory of the wild east winds of winter, and the Australian took them to Blundell's Hotel in South Street.

The thick stone walls had stood the fire and the whole place had been refitted and rebuilt within. There he told them once more the story of how Nurse Thompson had kept her promise.





(Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway Co.)

THE MAIN STREET OF WINNIPEG.



How Canada Welcomes the Emigrant Girl



By **GEORGINA BINNIE-CLARK**

I ARRIVED in Winnipeg at about half-past seven one Sunday morning in April. At the information bureau of the Canadian Pacific Railway Dépôt I learned that the address of the Y.W.C.A., where I intended staying overnight, in order to learn the city's means of accommodating working women, was at the corner of Smith Street and Broadway. As all my baggage but a dressing-bag was checked through to my destination, I was able to avail myself of the street-car, which conveyed me from within one hundred yards of the dépôt to the headquarters of the Y.W.C.A. for the sum of five cents (2½d.).

A pleasant-faced girl answered my ring, and informed me that I could have a bed overnight if I did not object to share a room with two other ladies, although, should that arrangement not be quite to my liking, she felt sure the matron would arrange to have a bed made up for me in the lounge. Breakfast, she added, would not be served until nine o'clock—easy hours being observed on Sunday.

The sun was in great glory, and the air was Canada's clearest. I meditated a walk, but, being hungry, I succumbed to the aroma of coffee on Main Street, and took a twenty-five cent breakfast at the New York Restaurant.

At this point I must pay tribute to the Canadian system of twenty-five cent meals, because it is characteristic of the real Canadian spirit, and in its way a faithful symbol of the unwritten law of Canada, which insists on the provision for every man's necessity, whilst for luxury every man must be allowed freedom to charge or to pay as he pleases. In consequence, although intoxicants are priced on a high scale, and chocolate, confectionery, sweetmeats, and fruit on a considerably higher scale than in England, a generously substantial meal is always to be had in town or city for twenty-five cents (1s. 0½d.). I have met Canadians in England who, whilst marvelling at the cheapness of the wares displayed in shop windows, have deplored the cost of living in European restaurants.

I quoted the various stores and restaurants in amazement, and the Quartier Français of London and Quartier Latin of Paris in rebuke, but failed to convince them that they were mistaken.

When I arrived at the twenty-five cent meal of Canada and the States I understood, and probing into the root of things I think one perceives it to be the effect of the rather grim principle that still chases the British citizen from British shores, a cause that finds itself summed up in the very well-worn Colonial phrase, "A man's got to live."

I chatted with the table-maid as I ate. She had only just "hired on" at the restaurant, but had come out from the Old Country three years before in the *Southwark*. She had found work at once in Winnipeg, and had done well ever since. I supposed that she had saved money, remarked on the fine opportunity for investment in real estate on the easy payment system which obtains in Winnipeg, and talked to her of a girl in exactly the same position as herself who had invested so much of her salary month by month in the purchase of a plot of building land. Already its value had doubled itself, and now, the last instalment having been paid off, she was considering estimates for building on it. My fair-haired listener shook her head with a cheerful smile, and declared herself to be "no saver," although she "allowed" that she might have done as well herself, since she had earned good money all the time—never less than twenty dollars (£4) a month, and sometimes twenty-five dollars (£5).

I was a little late for the mid-day meal at the Y.W.C.A. The tables in the dining-room appeared to be well filled, and the young working women gathered round them reminded me, as Canadian women so often do, of a field of wheat grown on summer-fallowed land: each had such an air of well-being. Dainty muslin blouses had been donned in honour of Palm Sunday, but I gathered from scraps of conversation here and there that the spring triumphs in hats were being reserved for Easter Day.

An Irish Immigrant

I ate my roast mutton and vegetables, and a portion of Canadian apple pie silently and in haste, but only three of about thirty-seven young women remained in the room when the table-maid served me a cup of tea.

"Do they all live here?" I inquired of the matron, who had kind eyes of restful intelligence, and seemed young for her post.

"No," she answered; "just now we have but thirteen regular boarders. The others come for meals only. Sometimes we have as many as fifty."

The number suggested an establishment of serving-people. I praised the table-maid, the same young woman who had opened the door for me. The matron responded generously. The girl, I learned, was an Irish immigrant. She had been at the Y.W.C.A. a considerable time, and performed her duties cheerfully and well, although these were at times arduous: the housework of the dining and reception rooms, the staircase and hall were included in her daily round; there was a clean sweep of all bedrooms once a week, and the washing up must have been almost interminable.

"But she earns good money," she added; "twenty-five dollars a month." And I believe she told me that the cook received a salary of forty dollars.

Canada an Open Field

Later, as I lay on the small white bed which had been allotted to me in a room containing three, she came to chat again. We agreed that Canada was an open field for working women, and there was room for multitudes of them, providing that they were prepared to accept domestic service, which may be termed general occupation, until an opportunity of special occupation presented itself. She herself had been brought up on a farm, and at an early age had started school-teaching. Her work had evidently held an absorbing interest for her, but a year before her eyes had failed. She had accepted her present position as a temporary change of occupation and remained. Her eyes "were better certainly, but—"; and there lingered in the "but" all the wistfulness of an eager mind withheld from the chosen road.

I poured out my experience of life on the land, its fascination, its ups and downs, its possibilities, underlining the fact, important to women of culture, that such a life not only allows time for mental pursuits, but also stimulates mental energy and aids concentration. She smiled a little doubtfully.

"It should be a profitable occupation, certainly," she admitted; "but do you really

think it practicable for the majority of women? You know, oddly enough, I have done all sorts and conditions of farm work myself. I have ploughed, harrowed, weeded, stocked, driven the binder, and even done much of the labour that you think is the great difficulty for a woman—I have broken many an acre with a walking-plough. Indeed, it seemed no task at all, but a pleasure. You see, it was at my home, in the days of my early girlhood; but I don't think I could do it now. Besides, you had capital at your command."

Women as Farmers

I contended that two or three women farming together, each trained to an adequate understanding of the use of farm implements in case of emergency, would be certain to find sufficient pleasure and interest in their work to do a considerable share of it themselves, and that the receipts from an intelligently worked half-section would allow of labour being hired all through the working season if found desirable.

Concerning capital, I reasoned that the high wages paid for women's labour in Canada must result in an accumulation of capital. Land was a safe and sure investment. If women were convinced that it was practicable and profitable for them to work the soil, their ever-sharpening intelligence would be swift to urge the investment of savings in the land; and when the Canadian Government, eager as it always is to seize on every healthy means of the country's development, realised that fact, it would extend to women the free grant of 160 acres of land, now limited to men and widows.

Something Over and Above their Work

During supper-time I talked with several of the girls at my table. One was on the eve of her examination for a school teacher's certificate; another had a friend who had just been nominated to the post of school teacher in my neighbourhood; a third chatted of her life as a clerk in the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The hours were early—eight in the morning until half-past five in the afternoon; but an hour and a half was allowed for dinner, and she liked her work. There was a breath of enthusiasm about them all. Work meant the means of life. There was an honest respect for wages. In one important office

in the city a 10 per cent. reduction in the salary list had been rumoured and was feared, but their work meant to them something over and above their pay, and that something over and above is gradually embodying a fine quality, which one day the sum of observation will acknowledge as an asset that woman brought with her into the market-place of work.

I left the next day, having paid one dollar (4s. 2d.) for my dinner, supper, bed, bath, and breakfast. Weekly terms are on a somewhat lower scale, from three and a half to four dollars. The matron bade me good-bye from the tramway side, and promised to come and consider my women-farmers' idea from such material as I had to offer, if she found herself within reasonable distance of my neighbourhood.

Having an hour or two to spare, I visited the Winnipeg Immigration Hall, for which there can only be unqualified praise as to the building itself, details of accommodation, and arrangements for helping the immigrant to employment. In the hospital, which is a detached building, and separated from the main hall, it chanced that the matron was out, and her subordinate showed me over the building. On that day there was but one patient, a little Galician lad suffering from rheumatism. My guide gave me much interesting information concerning immigrant ways and means in general.

I learned that she had come over only five years ago, with several young children who were entirely dependent on her. She seemed little more than a girl as she told me of her experiences. She had been a draper's assistant in the Old Country, as had also her husband. Left alone in the world to bring up five little children, she had evidently gone through a bad time, and, having determined to make a special effort to give her children a fair start in life, she made up her mind to bring them to Canada.

The Pluck of a Desolate Woman

She arrived at the Immigration Hall, Winnipeg, with only a very little money left from the expenses of the journey. One could easily understand that her pluck alone would have distinguished her case, which had such a special halo of pathos to recommend it; and she received much help and kindness from Mr. Obed Smith, who was at that time the Superintendent of Immigration at

Winnipeg, and other members of the Corporation. Her children were at present being boarded and educated at a neighbouring convent. The terms were very low, although she was not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, but they exhausted her earnings. Still, did I not think that sound training and a good education was the very best preparation a mother could give her children to take their part in life? Later, when her boy was old enough to share the work, she would take up the land that they were entitled to, and do her best with it. She wished that she could do something to let other poor mothers know what a fine country Canada was for those who had only their work to rely on for their children's bread.

I told her that her gratitude seemed to have found a truly fitting channel in her cheerful, kindly care of invalid and homesick immigrants; for the wards, passages, and kitchen were daintily clean, and beyond the comfort and convenience there was an atmosphere of true kindness about the place. The answer she gave is a golden rule for all who would help in the great and useful work of colonisation:

"The door never opens to admit an immigrant but I and my little ones are immigrants again."

The Girls' Home of Welcome

It was dusk as I walked under the C.P.R. bridge and, taking the first turning on the right, saw confronting me in big letters extended across a detached villa of roomy appearance: "The Girls' Home of Welcome."

I did not see the lady principal, Miss Saunders; but her helper, a young English-woman only six months out from the Old Country, took me over the house, which had a truly home-like air about it. On the ground floor Miss Saunders' office and sanctum is on the one side, and the guests' sitting-room and dining-room on the other. Upstairs are several bedrooms furnished simply but sufficiently with small beds and the usual dressing and washing conveniences, and a large bathroom. The Home itself is in the hands of a board of directors. It endeavours, in the words of its prospectus, "to emigrate only such women and girls as are of good character and capacity, and to select such as are suitable to the requirements of the country; to secure for them proper escort on the voyage and adequate reception on

arrival; to take a friendly interest in them after arrival, and to find suitable situations for those desiring them"; but it adds that "The Girls' Home of Welcome desires to live up to its name; it offers a resting place, and is most anxious to extend a hearty welcome to those women coming out to Canada who are desirous and able to do well for themselves."

I learned that free board for twenty-four hours is given to all women coming out to Canada to earn their living, and after that a charge of half a crown, or 60 cents, a day is made; or to those remaining by the week, 15s., or 3 dollars 50 cents, per week.

Servants Badly Wanted

The demand for competent domestic help in Winnipeg is still urgent; but with the increase of wealth large establishments are also on the increase, and there is a tendency to draw a line of division between employer and employed, although the social law of Canada will probably remain "No exclusion" for many years to come. But if the worker, male or female, is to be respected, the work must be respectable, and the Canadian woman is not always at one with the Englishwoman in the definition of work. The Englishwoman says, "It is true I can get a good home in Canada, and wages almost undreamed of in England, but I am cook, housemaid, nurse, laundry-woman, dairy-maid: I am expected to know everything." And that is the length and breadth of a Canadian woman's definition of a good housewife or domestic help; she must know the way of every detail of the machinery of the household. I am frequently asked, do I think it just to expect so much? I do think it just in a Canadian woman, because I have visited many Canadian houses where the appointments, however simple, are perfect, the cooking excellent, the air of leisure restful, the conversation inspiring, while the white linen frock of my hostess or her daughter might have been cut in Sackville Street and laundried by a *blanchisseuse de Paris*. And behind it all lurked no household of serving-people, but merely method, order, and the habit of waiting on oneself.

In my own part of the country, about 300 miles west of Winnipeg and midway between Winnipeg and Calgary, it is almost hopeless to obtain any sort of female help, and it would be an inestimable boon if the British

Women's Emigration Association—already doing such fine work for the Mother Country in sending out her capable daughters to a prosperous field of labour, and if possible rendering an even more valuable service to Canada in sending out appropriate help where it is so urgently needed—would decide on Indian Head or South Qu'Appelle as fresh points of distribution.

Concerning the Englishwoman's emigration to Canada, distribution to the Colonies will undoubtedly be more and more England's great resource for those of her daughters who are seeking a field for their energy and good wages for good work ; and, broadly speaking, it is certain to win success if it continues to be guided and ordered with unflinching thought and discretion. "If I could only get a nice English girl!" is still the cry of the Canadian matron and the reason is because thought as well as money is cheerfully and generously given by Englishwomen to the female emigration associations with which they are connected.

The Danger of Generosity

It should be the abiding law of emigration and immigration corporations, in England and Canada alike, to guard their great mutual privilege with ever-expanding thought and organisation against all possible danger of abuse.

England is so used to putting her hand into her pocket at the first cry of need or enthusiasm for good deeds that occasionally she does it in her sleep. Then there is trouble in countries where pockets have only just been called into requisition, and are fashioned to safeguard the wages of toil and trouble rather than to facilitate the distribution of alms.

The beautiful gift of giving is a privilege that should be held sacred to the just. When a man or a nation has attained unto the most difficult habit of justice, and then only, should the one or the other lay claim to

the fragrant attribute of generosity ; since one cannot but perceive, in considering the affairs of men, that unless this gift of giving be insured against catastrophe by full payment of the mental tax, Charity, man's fairest privilege, is in danger of becoming its own sepulchre.

Canada, as I have endeavoured to make clear, spares neither thought nor expense in her organisation of a most hospitable and generous welcome to the English immigrant ; but to draw the best out of a man, and especially an Englishman, it is necessary to believe, and to let it be seen that you believe, the best is in the man. I have heard a Canadian of excellent intention wrestling with his sense of duty towards English immigrants just arrived, and the best he could drag out of that fine sense of duty was a blood-curdling warning on Canada's reception of and drastic method of dealing with English drunkards—at least, all the drunkards were presumably English. They were respectable and intelligent young English workmen, and certainly there was no sign of a tendency to intemperance in any of them. Moreover, in five minutes' conversation one discovered that they had brought fine gifts to Canada ; but I fear the saving sense of humour was not among them, and one of them at any rate set out for the West with a feeling of sore resentment against the country of his adoption. An optimist may be a danger to himself, but a pessimist is a drag and a danger to human kind.

The Soundest Bond between England and Canada

There can be no sounder bond between England and her Colonies than the human bond, and there can be no fairer seed-ground for the exercise of man's privilege to help his poorer brother than Canada ; but the thinker of England must rise to the height and expand to the breadth of the giver if there is to be life and not death in the gift.



Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

WE say we have a thing in hand,
A book, a plan, a thought, a deed,
Some scheme by which our fond intent
Rich crop shall raise from tiny seed.

Our hand grips firm, but what of that?
A thousand cares divert the mind,
And difficulties unseen arise,
Strong warring influences we find.

The purpose dims, the will recedes,
The fingers slowly loose their hold;
Unconsciously the hand withdraws
In palsied strength; the blood runs cold.

Not so with God; the years roll on,
And firmer still His plans will grow;
More easy than we crush the moth
He breaks the mountain with a blow.

Omniscience enfolds His will,
Omnipotence His way doth guide,
Nor can the purpose of His hand
By stars or planets be defied.

Yet glad we know that God is love,
And deep compassion fills His heart;
Man's hand is weak, his will infirm—
God's hand is sure, in all and part.

Then through this year and every year
In that strong hand of love we'll rest;
Its very touch shall thrill with power,
And by its grasp our souls be blessed.

JOHN STUART.

A VERY interesting literary relic has just come to light. It is the original manuscript of a prayer entirely in the handwriting of Dr. Johnson. It was written on the first day of the last year of his life, "1784, Jan. 1, P.M. 11. O Lord God, Heavenly Father, by Whose mercy I am now beginning another year, grant, I beseech Thee, that the time which Thou shalt yet allow me may be spent in Thy fear and to Thy glory. Give me such ease of body as may enable me to be useful, and remove from me all such scruples and perplexities as encumber and obstruct my mind, and help me so to pass, by the direction of Thy Holy Spirit, through the remaining part of life that I may be finally received to everlasting day, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

A BOOK entitled "The Czar" tells of a Russian officer taken prisoner by the French. They got an iron and branded him on his hand with an "N." When he asked what it meant they said, "It means that you now belong, body and soul, to our Emperor, Napoleon." The soldier, seizing an axe, severed his hand from the wrist, and said, "Take what belongs to you; I am for the Czar, and belong wholly to him." Whether fact or fiction, the story pictures the entire consecration, the whole-souled loyalty, that Jesus claimed for Himself when He said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." If there be anything as dear as a right hand that bears Satan's mark, and binds us to him instead of Christ, that we must fearlessly cut away.

LET us put in contrast two life harvests, one of Talleyrand, who had built up a great outward fame, but not a noble inward character, who said at last, when death confronted him: "Behold, eighty-three years passed away! What cares, what agitation, what anxieties, what ill-will, what sad complications, and all without results, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future and disgust in regard to the past."

IN contrast look at Cornaro, at eighty-three, congratulating himself that in all probability he had a series of years to live in health and spirits, and to enjoy this beautiful world, which is indeed beautiful to those that know how to make it so. Even at ninety-five he wrote of himself as "sound and hearty, contented and cheerful." "At this age," he says, "I enjoy at once two lives: one terrestrial, which I possess in fact; the other celestial, which I possess in thought; and this thought is equal to actual enjoyment when founded on things we are sure to attain, as I am sure to attain that celestial life, through the infinite mercy and goodness of God." There is not much doubt as to which life is the more to be emulated. It is a contrast between dust and ashes and luscious fruit.



THE SOWER.

(By W. G. Simmonds.)

"A sower went out to sow his seed; and as he sowed, some fell by the way side; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it."



How to Stock a Store Cupboard

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THERE are few women who are not fascinated by the sight of a well-filled store cupboard, with its rows of shelves on which stand neatly labelled jars and pots, boxes, and tins of all shapes and sizes, piles of soap and candles, and all the other necessary paraphernalia of housekeeping.

In several respects the modern store cupboard differs from the storeroom in which our grandmothers spent so many happy hours. Indeed, few of the houses built in the present day contain a room which can be spared for this purpose; consequently, a cupboard has to suffice, and some little skill and planning must be exercised in order to make the small space at one's disposal adequate for holding the requirements of the household.

In selecting the cupboard it must be remembered that dryness is of great importance, also that good ventilation is essential. If possible, a window should be inserted in one of the walls of the cupboard. Should this, however, not be practicable, a ventilator—one of those fitted with a grating which can be opened or closed at will—should be let into the door. The interior must be fitted with wooden shelves running parallel with the two sides of the cupboard, leaving a space in the centre large enough for a person to be able to stand, and at the end opposite to the door a hanging cupboard, fitted with drawers should be fixed to the wall. It is better not to paint the shelves, nor to cover them with white paper, as this becomes crumpled and soiled. If you

do not like the bare wood, white American cloth, stretched tightly and secured with little brass-headed nails, may be used. A number of cup-hooks should be screwed into the edges of the shelves.

It is a good plan to make a note when your stock of any particular article is getting low, and for this purpose a slate, with pencil attached, may be kept hanging on the back of the door. A housekeeping book, in which are entered the date when each article was bought and the price paid for it, will also be found useful.

It pays to buy some household necessities—those which improve with keeping—in large quantities; others, however, deteriorate in quality if not used up quickly. Soap, for instance, should be purchased months before it is to be used. It should be cut into pieces of convenient size and dried very slowly, otherwise the outside becomes chippy and liable to break. For household cleaning mottled soap is the most economical—yellow soap melts much more rapidly in water. Soda is very cheap when bought by the hundredweight; and, as candles keep best when made in the cold weather, next winter's stock should be purchased in the spring.

Tins for tea, coffee, and biscuits must be fitted with very tight lids, and earthenware jars, with dustproof covers, are the best for holding sugar. The wise housewife will select loaf sugar that is very white, heavy, and glistening, as the more refined the sugar the less the quantity required for sweetening. Brown sugar should sparkle

well and not be powdery. If jams are made at home, a quantity of preserving sugar should be purchased before the demand is universal.

Starch and borax must have a warm corner of the cupboard reserved for them, but the driest place of all should be set apart for salt and sweetmeats.

Strong paper bags—these are better than muslin bags—containing parsley, sage, thyme, marjoram, etc., may be hung from the cup-hooks. The herbs are picked on a warm day in the summer, but in order to preserve the full flavour they should not be dried in the sun. Mint keeps best in a tightly stoppered glass bottle. Rice, tapioca, sago, and most farinaceous foods, must be kept well covered, or little insects will make their home in them. Unless the consumption of these comestibles is great, only small quantities should be ordered at a time.

Lemons are cheapest in July and August. They will not keep if they touch each other, and the only reliable way of preserving them is to provide each one with a separate little net, which is hung from the ceiling. When the juice of the lemons has been extracted for lemonade or puddings, the skins should be dried and placed in a box or drawer. A handful of them thrown on to a dying fire will cause it to burn up brightly. Dried orange peel has the same effect.

Vegetables or fresh fruit (with the exception of that already mentioned) should not be kept in a store cupboard.

Suet, carefully selected and bought in the cool weather, will keep for a year or more if the following directions are carried out. Choose firm suet free from skin and veins, and place it in a saucepan over a slow fire. When it has melted pour it steadily into a bowl of very cold water, and when it is set and hard wipe it dry, wrap it in white paper, and place it in a linen bag. It may be scraped or rubbed on a grater as required for puddings, pastry, or mince-meat.

A stock of dried fruits, currants, raisins, sultanas, and candied peel should be bought in November, when the first supplies arrive. A considerable saving is effected by purchasing flour in small sacks. Empty the flour into a covered wooden or enamelled bin, which should stand in a dry place. Eggs must be kept in an equable tempera-

ture, and for ordinary household purposes it is well to order only as many as are needed for the week's consumption. They keep best when stood in one of the little wooden racks sold for the purpose.

Spices are not so much used in cooking as formerly, but cloves, mace, cinnamon, nutmeg and peppercorns are liked by many people. They should be kept in the drawers of the hanging cupboard.

Baking powder, flavourings, blacking, polishes, matches, and all such goods as are wanted every day, must not be forgotten. Excellent preparations for polishing furniture, silver, etc., may be bought mixed and ready for use, but many housekeepers prefer to make them at home.

All the following recipes have stood the test of years, and may be helpful to those who are not altogether satisfied with ready-made preparations.

Furniture Polish

Mix 3 gills of unboiled linseed oil, 1 gill of turpentine, 1 gill of varnish of turpentine, and 1 gill of vinegar in a quart bottle, shaking it well. Pour a little into a saucer adding an equal quantity—or more, if necessary—of cold water, and rub in with a soft cloth.

To Polish a Table

The surface of a dining-room table which has been damaged by hot dishes can be revived by the use of the following polish: $\frac{1}{2}$ pint spirits of wine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum shellac, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum benzoin, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum sandrach. Put the ingredients into a bottle and shake well. Leave for a few days until the gums are dissolved, when it is ready for use. Spread the polish thinly over the wood with a thick wad of linen. Take a clean wad, dip it lightly in spirits of wine, and rub lightly over the polish. Finish the process with a final polish of oil. To obtain the best possible effect rub in the polish, spirits, and oil very slowly, using a circular motion of the hand.

To Clean a Linen Blind

Lay the blind flat on a table or board, remove the lace (if any), and scatter powdered brickdust on the blind, rubbing gently with a dry, clean cloth, when the dirt will instantly disappear. The lace can be washed and tacked on the blind again

A Few Ways of Making Rugs and Mats

By ELLEN T. MASTERS

THE making of rugs and mats is particularly pleasant work for winter evenings, as it requires no very keen eyesight, and it is so easy that it does not interfere in the least with friendly gossip, reading aloud, or music, if these are being carried on in the same room. Then, when the rugs are

completed, what a delightfully fresh look they give to any house, especially after it has been cleaned in the spring.

Even should the cost, while the work is in progress, seem to be somewhat high, there is consolation in the knowledge that the rugs and mats will stand many years

of hard usage if they have been properly and firmly knotted.

Rugs can be made at home in many different ways. The favourite method is perhaps that in which the wools are fastened with a crochet hook into the canvas specially sold for the purpose. This canvas is exceedingly coarse, and has very large spaces between the strands, which will allow the wool, itself extremely thick, to be drawn through with the utmost ease. The style of the canvas is shown in several of our illustrations. The crochet hook can be bought at most fancy needle-work shops. It is specially stout and strong, and is firmly fixed into a good-sized wooden handle (see Fig. 1). The price is from 4d. to 6d., according to size. The canvas is supplied in widths, varying from twelve to fifty-four inches, from 8d. to 1s. 9d. a yard.

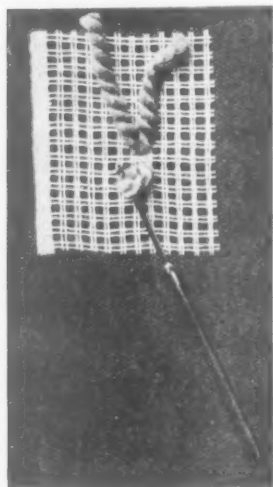


FIG. 1.—THE CROCHET HOOK. IT MUST BE STOUT AND STRONG.

Some workers prefer the canvas to be buff instead of white, as should the wool, by any accident, become misplaced in making the rugs, the tinted material is not so likely to show objectionably between its strands.

The wools are of several kinds, shades, and colours. We can strongly recommend Paton's rug wool, which is nearly as thick as the little finger, and is crisply twisted. The twist is often undone during the progress of the work, and if the correct colours have been used the rug has then very much the appearance of sheepskin.

The wool costs from 1s. 10d. to 2s. 6d. a pound. It is usually sold in quarter-pound knots. The quantity must naturally depend on the size of the rug, but three-quarters of a pound of wool is usually wanted for about a square foot of rug. There is a large choice to be had in the colours and shades of the wools. All the favourite Oriental tints are to be bought, and the rich reds and blues of Turkey carpets are not forgotten.

Some workers, with the idea of economy, split the wool and use single instead of double strands. This is a mistake, for although it appears to lessen the cost, the durability of the rug also decreases, and we have then an excellent example of a worker who has been "penny wise and pound foolish."

Another handy little tool, used for measuring the wool, is a staff (see Fig. 2), which is sold for a few pence. The wool has merely to be wound round the wood, and the groove admits the point of the



FIG. 2.—THE STAFF, USED FOR MEASURING THE WOOL.

scissors when they are ready to cut the wool into lengths.

The novice will do well to begin with a rug in two colours only. She may like a pale-tinted centre, such as light blue, and a dark border, perhaps of green. She will find this far more easy to manage than a rug

made in a Persian or Indian pattern, handsome though it be. Also, the plain ones are fashionable, which, to many people, is a decided advantage.

It is a good plan to begin at the cut edge

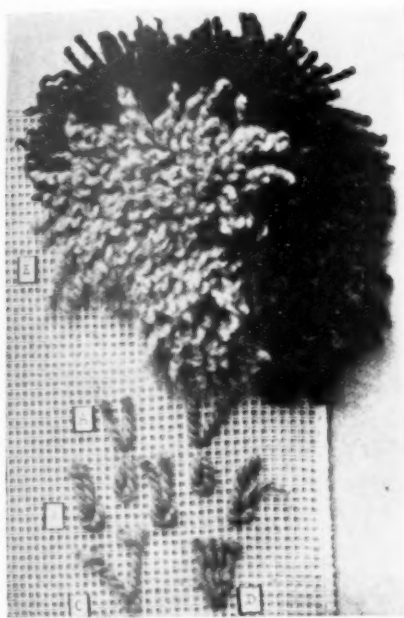


FIG. 3.—HOW THE WOOL IS FIXED TO THE CANVAS.

of the material, and to work the first few rows through a double thickness, which will not only give a firm margin, but will also prevent it from fraying.

In Fig. 3 is shown the way to manage the lengths of wool after these have been cut. Each strand is folded in half, and held in the left hand. The crochet hook is then pushed through one of the holes of the canvas, under two strands, and out through the next hole (see A). It takes the loop of the wool that is being supported ready for it, and draws it through the holes, so that it is about half way through. This will be seen in Fig. 1. The hook must be kept in the loop, and it must catch the two loose ends of wool and pull them through the loop (see B). The hook is then taken out, and the finger and thumb of the right hand tighten the knot equally by pulling up the ends (C).

Unless an exceedingly thick rug is desired, it is enough to put the loops of wool into every alternate hole instead of into every one. In following rows the knots should set between the tufts that were worked in the preceding lines. Most people like to do the knotting in rows from left to right, but the direction is of little consequence provided that the tufts are drawn up tightly and trimly. In every rug there must perforce be two cut edges, but, after one has been worked over, the management of the next will offer no difficulty at all.

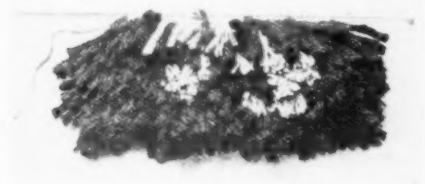


FIG. 4.—KNITTING A SMYRNA RUG.

The wool, when all the strands have been knotted in, has to be untwisted (D). This untwisting may be done during the progress of the work, or it may be left to be executed as a finishing touch. It effectually prevents the strands of wool from slipping out of the canvas. In the example in Fig. 3 (E) part of the rug has been thus unravelled, the rest being left in its primitive condition so that workers may see the difference.

If a plain rug, having one colour for the centre and a second for the border, is not

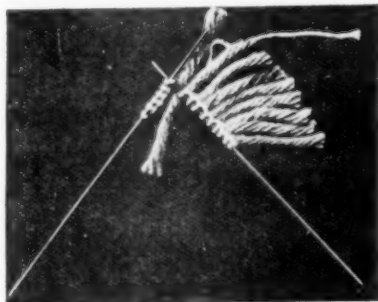


FIG. 5.—KNITTING IN THE STRANDS OF WOOL.

considered sufficiently elaborate, there are many cross-stitch patterns that may be adapted to such work as this.

Should the amateur prefer to have a design made ready for her, she may invest in one of the rug canvases that have the pattern printed on them in the colours suitable for the knotting. These prepared rugs are a veritable boon to workers, and it is really surprising how very quickly, by their aid, the knotting can be done after a little practice.

When finished, the mat will be improved by being thoroughly beaten and brushed, for, however glossy and well-twisted is the wool, there is certain to be a considerable amount of loose fluff that it is advisable to remove. In places some of the strands will probably need clipping, but if the work has been carefully done there will only be one here and there that requires attention.

Some ladies do not care about wielding a crochet hook, and prefer to knit their rugs. Knitted rugs of this kind are known as Smyrna rugs (see Fig. 4), and the genuine materials for the best of them are marked with the name of Paul Schulze, the patentee. For these mats, besides the wool, which is much finer than that employed on canvas, are needed a pair of bone or steel knitting needles, No. 10 or 12, and some Smyrna cotton.

For a rug measuring one yard across, six pounds of wool and one pound and a half of Smyrna cotton will be required. The wool has to be cut into lengths of three or five inches, according to the size of the staff (the shorter strands are usually preferred for knitting). It will be found most convenient to make these mats in a series of strips, which can afterwards be sewn together from the wrong side, so that the seam is not visible on the front.

For each strip, cast on any uneven number of stitches with the cotton, and knit a row in the ordinary plain stitch. In the second row, knit one stitch, take a length of the wool, place it across the work so that one end sets in front, the other at the back, knit the next stitch in the usual way, take the end of the wool on the wrong side, and bring it round to the front of the knitting. Knit the next stitch and take another length of wool, proceeding thus along the whole width of the strip (Fig. 5). The knitting should be done rather tightly. The next row must be plain, that is, without the wool, which is worked in again in the fourth row.

Cheaper wools may be obtained for working up in this way, if desired, and among them are the thrums, which are to be had from 8½d. to 2s. 10d. a pound. Thrums are sold in bundles in mixed colours. Quite lately the thrums have been brought out cut ready for use in the required lengths. Some are twofold, others four- or sixfold. Axminster thrums are supplied in any colour, a choice of three hundred shades being at the disposal of the worker. These wools are left over from carpet-making, and the best are sent out from the Art Weavers' Guild at Kidderminster.

If a decided design, instead of a mere border and centre, should be required, the amateur will do well to procure one of the coloured patterns that are specially prepared for rugs made in this manner. They are



FIG. 6.—MAKING A CLOTH RUG FROM TAILORS' CUTTINGS.

printed in little squares in all the necessary colours, and it is quite easy to reproduce them in the knitting. As with the knotted rugs on canvas, there are plenty of cross-stitch designs that may be repeated in knitted mats, provided, of course, that they agree in shape and size.

Inexpensive rugs may be made in either of the two styles we have mentioned by using scraps of cloth instead of wool (Fig. 6). Tailors' cuttings answer specially well, because they are not so likely to ravel as are fabrics that are less solidly woven than cloth.

I must draw the reader's attention to a new hook for use in the making of these rugs. The material employed for the foundation is stout sacking or Hessian. The hook,

which is combined with pincers, is first pushed beyond the opening of these into the material, taking up a small portion, as shown in A. The pincers below the hook are then opened by pressure of the thumb on the handle, and thus they hold the cloth strip firmly enough to enable it to be drawn through the foundation B (in Fig. 6) for half its length. It is as well to hold the Hessian doubled across its width, so that the hook can be passed through two folds, pulling the cloth through them. When the row of strips drawn in thus is finished straight across,

the sacking must be opened and pulled out so that the cloth sets quite firmly, but without puckering the foundation material.

Rugs worked according to this method should be made extra secure by being rubbed with a mixture of paste and glue all over the back after the rest is completed. This is not necessary with such work as is executed by knotting loops of wool into

canvas, or with knitting, but careful workers often use a little paste to make quite sure of the firmness also of these strands.

There are many Berlin woolwork stitches that are quite suitable for rug-making, and we show a few in Fig. 7. At A is the ordinary Leviathan stitch, which, as most amateurs know, consists of two cross-stitches, one laid above the other. Care must be taken to get them all crossed in exactly the same direction, as otherwise the pattern will not be even throughout the work. Then at B we have ordinary tent stitch, and

at C tapestry stitch. Neither of these is suitable unless the wool is thick enough to conceal entirely the meshes of the canvas beneath it. At D is the familiar cross-stitch, which, of course, offers no difficulty at all to workers of any experience.

The stitch for the small mat in Fig. 8 consists of one large cross-stitch covered at each corner by a smaller cross. The details

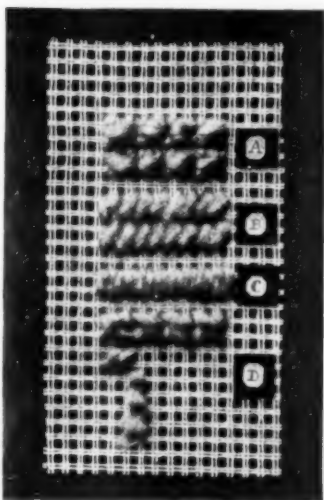


FIG. 7.—STITCHES FOR NEEDLE-MADE RUGS.

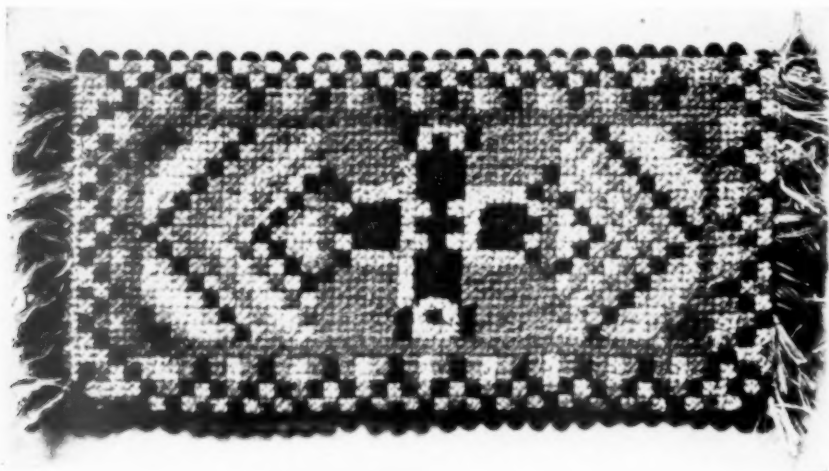


FIG. 8.—A NEEDLE-MADE RUG COMPLETE.

are shown in Fig. 9 for the sake of clearness. This stitch-over-stitch arrangement makes an excellent flat-surfaced mat, such as is often found useful in a window niche, or on the floor of a child's carriage. The model was worked with thrums, but it does not matter in the least what wools are used, provided that they cover the canvas background entirely. Any cross-stitch pattern may be employed as a copy, just as in other kinds of rugs, and any colours may be chosen.

In the model whence our description was taken there were exceedingly pleasing shades of brown and terracotta, with here and there some touches of green and old-gold. The mat looks very well if finished off with a border of terracotta coloured cloth pinked into scallops at the edges. A fringe of the wools should complete the ends.

This brings us to the last stage of our

rug-making, though we have by no means exhausted all the methods. When the knotting or cross-stitch is done the back of the rug should be damped with a sponge,

but not made wet enough to soak through to the right side. The mat should then be nailed out firmly on a carpetless floor to dry, great care being taken to pull the sides into shape and absolutely straight. When dry, the work is ready for the lining.

The use of a border of scalloped cloth is a matter of taste, also whether it shall be finished at the edges with fringe. In any case we must have a lining of black holland, sacking, or Hessian. Better still, if the extra expense does not prove a drawback,

is a lining of felt or cloth, to match the principal tint of the work. This woollen lining has the great advantage of preventing the mat from slipping about when trodden on by the unwary.

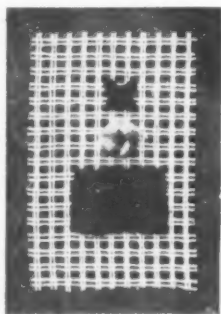


FIG. 9.—STITCH FOR RUG IN
FIG. 8.

Thoughts from Henry Drummond

LAWS are only modes of operation, not themselves operators.

No single fact in science has ever discredited a fact in religion.

THE eternal life, the life of faith, is simply the life of the higher vision.

THE well-defined spiritual life is not only the highest life, but it is also the most easily lived. The whole cross is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either.

THE best proof of the thing is to see it; if we do not see it, perhaps proof will not convince us of it. It is the want of the discerning faculty, the clairvoyant power of seeing the eternal in the temporal, rather than the failure of reason, that begets the sceptic.

A science without mystery is unknown; a religion without mystery is absurd.

THE visible is the ladder up to the invisible; the temporal is but the scaffolding of the eternal. And when the last immaterial souls have climbed through the material to God, the scaffolding shall be taken down, and the earth dissolved with fervent heat—not because it was base, but because its work is done.

THE place of parable in teaching, and especially after the sanction of the greatest of teachers, must always be recognised. The very necessities of language, indeed, demand this method of presenting truth. The temporal is the husk and framework of the eternal, and thoughts can only be uttered through things.

Health in Cold Weather

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

WE may take it for granted that prehistoric man, who spent his life in the open air and his time in the pursuit of animals for food, escaped the minor ills and winter maladies of modern civilisation. In his day health faddism was unknown, and "cures" were unnecessary, because outdoor exercise and pure air all the year round were inseparable from daily occupation. There was no room for the dyspeptic man and the neurotic woman in the homesteads of our ancient fathers. In spite of the fact that flesh foods must have been consumed in large quantities by old and young, gout, like cold in the head, was unknown. Both are apparently affections of modern life.

Man to-day is an overclothed, overfed animal, who lives indoors, and uses his brain where his prehistoric father used his muscle. It is a self-evident fact that the more sedentary and "civilised" the life we have to lead, the more risk we run of ill-health and disease. And this is particularly true at this season of the year.

For the last few months the majority of people have under-exercised and overfed. They have lived in unventilated rooms and avoided healthy draughts; they have kept late hours, and probably eaten big dinners. Is it to be wondered at that they have succumbed to colds and influenza, sore throats, and the other affections which are so prevalent at this season of the year?

Breathe Pure Cold Air Night and Day .

During the autumn and early winter these folk have steadily lost their resisting power; they have let their livers become torpid and their muscles lose tone, with the result that they are fair game for the indefatigable microbes of cold and the infectious fevers.

The only way to keep well is to husband our resisting power to disease—not by coddling and self-indulgence, but by living a healthy life, by working our brains and our muscles, by accustoming ourselves to breathe pure cold air night and day, and by regulating our daily food. The perfectly healthy person is capable of withstanding infection. It is when we are "run down,"

or when our vitality is depressed by chill, or sorrow, or anxiety, that we are liable to contract disease. The microbes of tubercle, "cold," pneumonia, or influenza, exist in all centres where people congregate, but we can resist them so long as we are strong and in good condition. It is when the health is below par that we should be especially careful to avoid infection.

People with cold in the head, for example, will probably contract influenza if they come in contact with anyone suffering from the disease. In the same way the microbe of diphtheria may be present in healthy throats. A healthy person exposed to diphtheric infection is not likely to catch the disease, but it is a different matter if the throat is "relaxed," or the person happens to develop ordinary tonsilitis, or even a cold in the head. So the sensible thing is to keep up one's general tone and vitality by attending to the common-sense laws of health.

Stuffy Rooms Worse than Damp or Wet

Most winter illnesses are due to neglect of hygienic measures in the home. Cold air, fresh winds, or even damp and wet, may be endured; but not stuffy rooms, unventilated places of entertainment, concerts, and theatres. In every social gathering at this season a certain number of people are in an infected condition. They breathe forth the microbes of "cold," tonsilitis, influenza, and tubercle. The stuffier the room, the greater the danger to the rest of the people, because bad air poisons the tissues and depresses the vitality of everybody. Consequently, in stuffy rooms we yield more readily to the invasion of microbes of all descriptions. The more we accustom ourselves to living in well-ventilated rooms, to tolerating good, healthy draughts, the more we shall be able to resist disease.

Many people still believe that pneumonia, influenza, and kindred complaints are due to chill, and that exposure to draught will assuredly lead to serious disease. And yet patients in a sanatorium for lung affection live in the midst of draughts, and thrive on the treatment, simply because fresh air is the best medicine of all for delicate lungs,

and the safest preventive of affections of the respiratory organs.

So the first point we have to grasp, if we wish to keep healthy at this season, is that we must get as much pure air as possible. Open windows night and day all the year round are essential to health and happiness. Remember that cold weather is wholesome, that March east winds are absolutely harmless if we can accustom ourselves to draughts of fresh air in winter and summer alike.

Walking the Cheapest Exercise

Even more important than fresh air indoors is fresh air combined with exercise out of doors. Those who wish to keep well at this season of the year must get plenty of healthy outdoor exercise. If they have led sedentary lives through the winter, they must guard against violent exercise all at once. Begin gently, but persevere once a beginning has been made. The cheapest and the best of all exercises is certainly walking. It strengthens the heart, exercises without over-straining the muscles of the body, and will do more to keep people young, and healthy, and slim of figure than all the expensive physical culture cures in existence.

At first take the morning constitutional, and as better weather comes gradually increase the length of the walk until you can do twenty miles without fatigue. You are then in condition, and can regulate your day's walk according to your inclination.

But in walking, cycling, or any other physical exercise, take note that you are suitably clad. In winter and early spring it may be taken as beyond controversy that the average person overclothes. That is one reason why we catch so many colds. If we are overclothed, we get over-heated on exertion, and then we contract a chill from rapid loss of heat by perspiration. Chill, by its depressing action, makes us liable to "catch" any infectious malady we may come in contact with.

The Fatal Heavy Overcoat

Heavy overcoats are responsible for a large percentage of colds and similar affections. It is absolutely fatal to wear heavy coats if you are bent on active exercise such as a brisk walk provides. The right time to wear a heavy wrap is when sitting still ;

in active motion the heat generated by exercise is sufficient without excessive clothing.

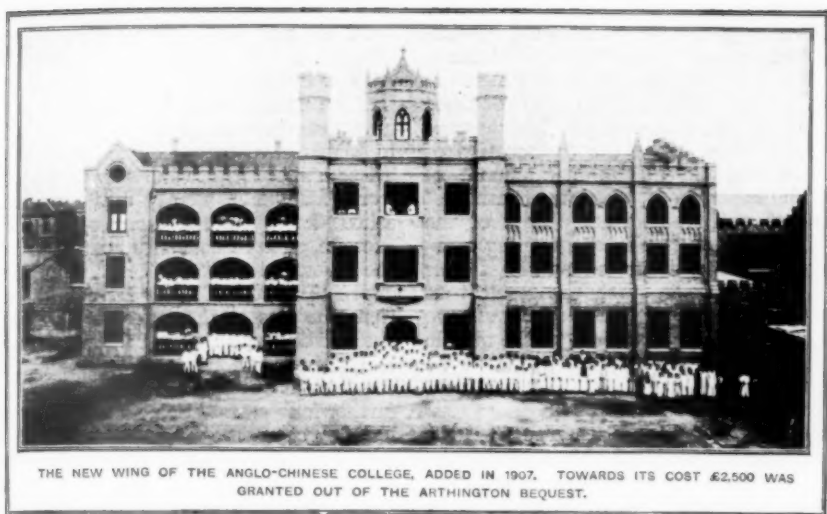
We are all apt to wear too many and too heavy clothes, with consequent over-fatigue as well as the risk of over-heating and subsequent chill. The skin regulates the body heat by reason of its power to contract to a cold influence, and so to prevent further loss of heat. The skin of civilised man has by over-clothing lost to some extent that power, although it is still retained by the hands and face.

It is a hygienic crime to wear more clothes than will protect the body from undue depression of temperature without interfering with the function of the skin. By reducing the number and weight of our garments, by wearing light woollen under-clothing next the skin, and strong thick-soled boots, we should do a good deal to prevent illness in winter and early spring. During the depths of the winter, in December and January, there is, it must be acknowledged, some temptation to over-clothe; but with the advent of brighter weather and more sunshine we should be alive to the benefits of lighter garments.

Food versus Spring Medicine

Lastly, if we wish to keep well in winter and early spring, we must pay serious attention to our diet. The reason why so many people feel the need of tonics and medicines at this season is because they have probably overloaded their digestive systems for the past six months. In winter the tendency is to eat heavier meals and to take less exercise. With what result? Bile-poisoned blood, blotchy skins, and sluggish livers. It is not tonics and nourishing diet we require to cure the headaches and lassitude which are the symptoms of disordered digestion, but a more Spartan diet, a more simple mode of life till our systems recover.

So try the effect of nursery diet, of modified vegetarianism, and total abstinence for a week or two. The treatment is cheaper than self-drugging, and more satisfactory than any medicines you can procure. Most "spring medicines" act by increasing the secretion of bile and ridding the system of the poisons or toxins of impaired digestion. Exercise and simple diet do exactly the same thing.



The Turning-Point in China

By F. HOLDERNESS GALE

"WESTERN Learning taught here" is now a popular sign in the streets of many a Chinese city where, only a few years ago, there was nothing but the keenest opposition to the ideas of the "foreign barbarians." And not only have these unauthorised teachers appeared everywhere, but schools and colleges have sprung up by hundreds, under Government auspices, giving a modern education, and manned by European or American staffs, or by native or Japanese tutors trained in Europe or America.

"The awakening of China" is a very real fact at last, and it has brought Christian missionary effort in the land to a turning-point. The new Government schools and colleges charge no fees, and they are divorced from many of those moral and Christian influences which play so large a part in the life of similar institutions at home. So there was a danger that even enlightened officials and merchants might be tempted to send their sons to these institutions, and the missionaries lose the opportunity of influencing those who are destined to take a high place in the rapidly developing public

and commercial life of their country. Although the missionaries cannot afford to offer free education in their colleges, the success of the Anglo-Chinese College at Tientsin is proof that large numbers of far-seeing Chinese are alive to the value of Christian surroundings and influences on a youth during his school and college career.

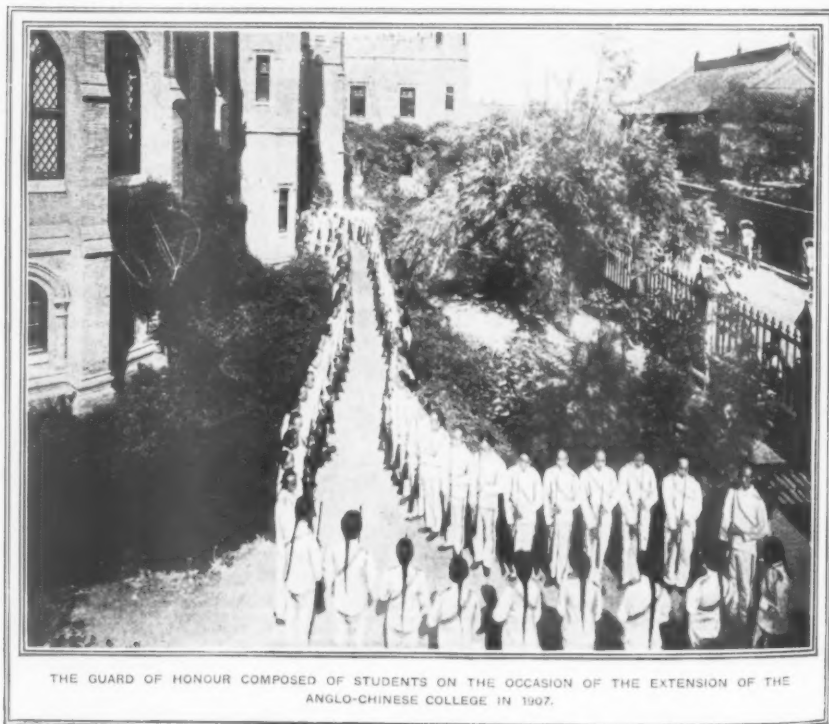
It was in 1902, when Tientsin was settling down after the "red fool fury" of the Boxer rising of 1900 that Dr. S. Lavington Hart, a distinguished graduate of Cambridge and London Universities, set about the task of establishing in the city, and under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, the self-supporting Anglo-Chinese College. Its aim was to put within reach of Chinese students an institution which would give a thoroughly good English education, as far as possible on the lines of an English public school, making no secret of its association with the Christian missionaries.

Many and varied are the difficulties of the principal of an English college in China. To begin with, the grouping of the scholars into classes is not made

easier by the fact that some of the younger students, from earlier contact with foreigners, possess a better acquaintance with the English language, in which the teaching is conducted, than some of those senior to them in years. Hence arise certain difficulties in the organisation of the classes and in the maintenance of discipline. Then "Western Learning" has not yet brought acceptance of the "Western" custom of postponing marriage until the bridegroom is at least clear of the schoolroom, with the result that more than once or twice scholars have had to ask leave of absence in the middle of term because they were going to be married.

In spite of these and other difficulties, and in face of the growing competition of the free Government institutions, the Anglo-Chinese College has continued to prosper. It was opened in 1902, in a building which had an especial interest for Dr. Lavington Hart, seeing that it

had been erected as a memorial to his brother and for a theological college, which has now been removed to Peking. At the opening there were 75 students, but the number has steadily grown, until now there are more than 300, and the buildings have twice had to be enlarged. These extensions are the only part of the work for which money has ever been asked, for by great sacrifices, and the exercise of rigid economy on the part of the principal and staff, all the other expenses of the College have been met from the fees of the students. A bright student can pass through the preparatory department in four years, and after this the College offers a collegiate course of a further four years. Some former students have proceeded to English and American schools or universities, but others are taking advantage of the College's "post-graduate course" of special training in chemical analysis, under the vice-principal, Mr. J. B. Tayler, M.Sc., and plans



THE GUARD OF HONOUR COMPOSED OF STUDENTS ON THE OCCASION OF THE EXTENSION OF THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE IN 1907.



A MODEL OF THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE, AS SHOWN AT THE ORIENT EXHIBITION IN LONDON, 1908.

are already laid for the establishment of courses in electrical engineering and in law and economics.

Each day's work is begun by prayers in the College chapel, in which the Sunday services of the Anglo-Chinese church are held, but no compulsion is used to induce the students to attend the religious services, although every influence is brought to bear on them, to lead them to consider the claims of Christianity. A Christian Band has been established by the students themselves, and its Sunday evening meetings are well attended, sometimes as many as fifty being present, the majority of whom are non-Christians. High testimony to the value set on the teaching of Dr. Lavington Hart was borne by the father, himself not a Christian, who replied to his son's request for permission to declare himself a Christian:

"I wish you," he wrote, "to follow Dr. Hart's teaching in all things."

In another case a student, who had voluntarily offered himself for baptism, met with considerable opposition from his mother, and only won her reluctant

consent after long delay. Two years later, when sending a younger son to the College, the mother commended him to Mrs. Hart's care, saying, "I want you to look after him as you looked after his brother."

One student, who had embraced Christianity, wrote to his father, who was at a distance, for permission to be baptised. The father promptly replied that if his son were baptised he would no longer own him. Then the lad and some of his Christian friends began to pray that the father's heart might be softened. Several times the lad wrote, repeating his request, but no answer came. At last, after long waiting, there was a complete change of front on the father's part. He not only gave full permission, but he added, "Only, if you are a Christian, mind you are a real Christian."

The esteem in which the work of the College is held by some of the high officials was shown by their contributions to the funds for extension. The Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai was a generous contributor, and one of the halls is named after him, "The

Viceroy Yuan's Hall." But the fact that parents are willing to pay fees for their sons' education at the Anglo-Chinese College, when they could have them taught free of charge at the Government colleges, is the best evidence of the niche which the institution fills, and speaks most eloquently of its usefulness.

In their anxiety to reproduce the healthy conditions of English public school life on Chinese soil, Dr. Hart and his colleagues have fostered the *esprit de corps* of their students by organised sports and games. At first this was not quite understood, for one official, who



THE PORTRAIT OF THE VICEROY YUAN SHIH KAI
IN THE HALL NAMED AFTER HIM.

had been invited to witness some athletic display in which his nephew was taking part, went away in great indignation, complaining, "These foreigners treat the Chinese just like they treat their horses, making them jump and run!"

This was only one misunderstanding which time has removed, and if a regenerated China finds a body of Christian leaders ready "to take occasion by the hand," it will be in no small degree due to the good work done, at this turning-

point in the history of the country, in the Anglo-Chinese College and other similar institutions.

A Good Cause

TWO hundred thousand people die of incurable disease in the United Kingdom every year. The number is appalling, and the fact should be an inspiration to all who are blessed with health and strength to aid their less fortunate fellow-mortals.

On the breezy slopes of the Norwood Hills, at Streatham, stands the British Home and Hospital for Incurables. For nearly fifty years patients for whom there is no hope, despite the best of medical and surgical skill, have been tended there, and their last days on earth have been made brighter and more cheerful by the attentions received from doctors, nurses, and the visiting clergy. Patients are taken from all parts of the United Kingdom, men and women whose power of earning their livelihood has been snatched from them by disease, and whose means have been wasted in vain search for health. Without hope,

and often without the power of doing the slightest thing for themselves, they become a sad burden to their friends and relations. The Home at Streatham, however, offers some relief from their hard fate.

Out of its none too abundant funds annuities of £20 are conferred on such as are incurable, but not wholly destitute, in order that they may continue to reside with friends or relatives who may be able to render them further assistance. Other incurables find a welcome retreat in the Home.

Every penny given to the funds is acceptable, and every penny is needed in the work of brightening the lives of the patients and enabling them to bear their lot with fortitude. Queen Alexandra has recently sent £50 as an expression of her sympathy with the object of the Chapel Endowment Fund, and her noble example should be followed by thousands of her subjects.

The Children's Pages



The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

WHEN one speaks about work among the poor cripples of London it is not always easy to get the average reader to grasp what it means. This is not so much from want of heart as from want of acquaintance with the conditions in which the cripples live—the real character of their trouble and the privations which commonly accompany it. An ounce of fact, then, may be worth a pound of fancy. Permit me to give a few instances, all relating to the present moment. Perhaps in no simpler way could this be done than through the reports which the visitors make to headquarters. In themselves these reports may make dry reading, they so restrict themselves to the bald facts; there is neither room nor desire for descriptive writing, but there is the warm heart of helpful sympathy beating through them all.

Where Sympathy is Needed

"Doris S——. Aged 3. This child was brought under our notice by the mother of another cripple. Suffering from infantile paralysis. Such a very poor family, living in two rooms. Father a labourer, when he can get work. A friend is supplying the child with some malt and cod liver oil, but more is sadly needed."

"Hilda S——. Aged 5. Suffering from spinal curvature, and has to wear a surgical jacket. The trouble developed after whooping cough. She was on her back all last winter. Three children in family. A good, clean home."

"Kate M——. Aged 6. Paralysed in legs, also epileptic. A very deserving case. Four children. Father at present at work cleaning windows."

"Willie Q——. Aged 11. A sad case. He will probably need to have his leg ampu-

tated soon. Now in splints. Father out of work. Five children. A very poor family."

"Elizabeth R——. Aged 15. Paralysed one side. Does what she can at home, but suffers from fainting fits, she is so weak. A very destitute case, at times almost starving. The father ill with tuberculosis."

In this dry, but pathetic, way hundreds on hundreds of cases could be given; yet these are so touching when we get beyond the needful official record. There is the case of Leonard M——, for instance, aged 6. He is suffering from tubercular disease of the spine, and the doctor said the only hope for any permanent good was his having a period of absolute rest. How was the child of poor and struggling parents to get this? Only through such a merciful agency as the Ragged School Union. So arrangements were made to send him to the Home at Bournemouth. But how was he to be taken there—he who was lying in a splint and instrument, on a spinal mattress strapped to a board? The Ragged School Union thoughtfully arranged it all, having a spinal carriage specially made to bring him to the station. The boy's mother was sent with him down to the Home, so that she could explain how the straps were fastened, and she held the child in her arms during all the journey. It was a trying ordeal, but her love and courage sustained her all the way.

Send a Letter Once a Month

It is amongst such as these that the work of the Crutch-and-Kindness League is done. Every case is thoroughly inquired into, and in nineteen cases out of twenty the visitors' report is that the family is very poor but most respectable. The father is generally an unskilled workman, earning little at best; but sometimes, poor fellow, he him-

self is down with consumption or other sickness or accident, while frequently there is only the mother to struggle for all. The Crutch-and-Kindness League does not solicit help, though gifts of cast-off clothing are always acceptable. All that it asks of its members is that each should write a letter once a month to some cripple put into his or her care for that purpose, and no one can think for a moment of the lonely lot of most of these young cripples without realising what a boon such a letter is to the suffering child. And this can be done, no matter where the writer dwells, far off or near, young or old. The names of all new members are given here from month to month, as you will see from the list which I have printed below. There is only one fee—a shilling on entrance, on receipt of which a beautiful card of membership is sent.

All further particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from SIR JOHN KIRK, *Secretary*, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

Our New Members

Miss Eleanor Parkinson, Rathmines, Dublin; Miss Ethel Biggan, Cheltenham; Miss Maud E. C. Laycock, Terwick Rectory, nr. Petersfield; Mr. Walter Palmer, Ringland, Norwich; Miss H. A. Goggin, Gratloe, Co. Clare; Miss Marjory Knott, Withington, Manchester; Miss Farquharson, Newport, Fife; Master Jack Challen, Wandsworth Common; Miss Hanke, Bexley, Kent; Mr. Harold Gibson and Miss V. Adams, Tauranga, Auckland; Misses Jean and Elice Wimbush, Topsham, Devon; Miss Vera Richmond, Southport; Mrs. Shepperson,

Mrs. Tilney, and Mrs. Bate, Richmond, Surrey; Miss Take, Mentone; Miss Kate Pettit, Newport, Fife; Miss Gertrude T. Green, Pondoland East; Miss I. S. Harris, Foleshill; Miss Emma Stokes, Notting Hill; Miss Madge Thompson, Eastbourne; Misses D. Hodge, T. Kirker, Alma Nancarrow, D. Nancarrow, Cochin, c.o. Miss E. Watson, Wellington, New Zealand; Miss M. Joy, c.o. Miss M. Foot, Ashley, Hants; Mrs. Main and Miss C. Rigler, c.o. Miss G. M. Keyes, Boscombe; Messrs. Robert Ofei, Gilbert Awaker, Emmanuel D. Natter, R. A. Clerk, Benia B. Puplamper, Paul Djolet, and Robert J. O. Peckett, c.o. Mr. Robert Ofei, Grammar School, Salem, Christiansborg, West Central Africa; Misses Daisy Weakley and M. Sherred, Brockenhurst, Hants; Misses Dorothy Collard, M. Mercer, P. Corkery, A. Macdonald, J. Graham Roe, G. Graham Roe, E. Aisbitt, I. Lynch, C. Ellis, D. Cavanagh, M. Roche, E. Wells, M. Corkery, E. Renlo, D. Kynock, M. Charles, H. White, E. Harrison, D. Milo, D. Wren, A. Ayshford, E. Tibbits, G. Withers, L. Wiesengrund, N. Sparrow, M. Godfrey, S. Barlow, and E. Lazarus, per Miss

Dorothy Collard, Holmewood School, Woodside Park, N.; and Misses Annie Pritchett and Dorothy Cox, c.o. Miss Hammond, Palmer's Green, N.

Do you not want to join them, and help in the good work which they are doing in bringing brightness and joy to many a poor sufferer? The work is easy, and would take up only a few minutes of your time each month. Do, please, write to Sir John Kirk for further particulars of the League, and after that, I am sure, you will send your shilling entrance fee



(Photo: Graphic Photo Union.)

A THORN IN THE FOOT.

PAULINE, TONY, AND BABY JOHN
How They Kept House for Mother

A COMPLETE STORY BY MARGARET BATCHELOR

I

LEFT IN CHARGE

THERE were three Langley children—Pauline, Tony, and Baby John. They lived with their father and mother in a dear little thatched cottage, called Myrtle Lodge, in the New Forest.

One day was generally very much the same as another at Myrtle Lodge. In the morning Mr. Langley, who was an artist, would disappear, laden with paints and brushes, into the Forest; and while Rose, the maid-of-all-work, attended to the household affairs, Mrs. Langley would take care of Pauline, Tony, and Baby John.

This story, though, is to be about a day in which everything happened in a different way from what it usually did. To begin with, Pauline put on her stockings inside out, and at breakfast she tied Baby John's bib on to Tony, which made Tony very cross. Tony considered that he was quite grown-up, for he was five years old, and Baby John only three.

After breakfast Mr. Langley said he was going to London to buy paints, and Rose asked if she might have an afternoon off to go to Southampton to do some shopping; so everyone would be gone but Mrs. Langley and the children.

"What fun, mother," said Tony, clapping his hands, when Rose had bustled down the road and Mr. Langley had started on his journey. "You will play with us all the afternoon and read us pretty stories won't you?"

Baby John clapped his fat little hands also and said, "What fun, muvver," for he always copied his elder brother, though he could not speak very plainly.

Just at this moment a man, looking very important, arrived in a dog-cart with a message for Mrs. Langley to say that her sister, who lived some miles away, had had an accident, and could she come with him without delay.

"I must be off at once, chicks," said Mrs. Langley. "I do not like leaving you alone; but if you are good children, and do not go outside the garden, I do not see what harm can happen to you. Pauline will have to be my little housekeeper and take

care of Tony and Baby John. I shall come back as soon as I can."

"We will all be as good as gold, mummy," said Pauline, looking very important. "I shall make Tony do his copy and Baby John learn his letters. Then I shall get tea ready by the time you come back, and I will feed the chickens and water the plants and do *lots* and *lots* and *lots* of things."

"Yes, we will do *lots* of things," chimed in the two little boys in chorus.

"Well, mind you do not go outside the garden, for the gipsies are camped on the common, and I've seen some tramps in the neighbourhood: it will not be at all safe for you to go away from the house."

So saying, Mrs. Langley climbed into the dog-cart. Her last words were, "Now, Pauline, mind you do not leave the little ones."

Their mother had been gone some time, when Pauline heard the garden gate open and saw her friend, Norah Burns, who lived in the red brick house across the fields, running up the path.

"It's my birthday, and I want you to come to tea," she said. "I have such a beautiful cake, covered with pink-and-white icing."

Pauline looked very serious.

"I am afraid I mustn't come," she said. "All the 'grown-ups' are away, and mother left me in charge of the little ones. I am her housekeeper."

"Just come for a teeny-weeny while, and see my presents. Tony and Baby will be all right. What could happen to them? Besides, you can run all the way; then you will be back almost before you have started!" said Norah.

"Well, I will come just for this once," said Pauline, tying a white sun-bonnet over her sunny hair. And then the little girls, their arms entwined, went down the pathway edged with tall sunflowers, and disappeared out of the little green gate.

II

PLAYING AT GIPSIES

"HOW jolly! Pauline has gone out," announced Tony to Baby John, from where he was sitting on the window seat making pigs out of plasticine. "Now we can do whatever we like."

"We can do whatever we like," echoed Baby John.

"We will pretend we are gipsies," said Tony. "The dining-room table shall be our tent; we will get blankets off Mummy's bed and put over it. It will make a lovely snug little house. Won't we have fun, John?"

Soon the dining-room was a scene of utter confusion: chairs upside down, newspapers on the floor, the table quite hidden by blankets and quilts, except for a little opening at one end, which was left for a doorway.

Tony crept in on all fours, followed by Baby John, whose rosy face was now decorated with many smuts and smudges.

"What shall Baby do next?" he inquired of Tony.

Tony considered a moment, then gave a squeal of delight as an idea occurred to him.

"John, wouldn't it be fun to light a little fire and boil the kettle for tea, as the real gipsies do?"

John clapped his hands and rolled on the floor with delight.

"Baby get the sticks," he said.

"Yes, you shall help me," said Tony. "We are mother's housekeepers now Pauline has gone away. There will be lots for us to do. We must climb up and get the matches off the shelf. We shall have to be quick, or Pauline will come home and want to do all the housekeeping herself. Won't she be surprised when she finds the kettle singing?"

III

PAULINE RETURNS

WHILE all these exciting events were happening at Myrtle Lodge, Pauline was happy at her friend's house dressing and undressing a large family of dolls and wheeling them about in a perambulator.

The cuckoo clock striking five reminded her that Tony and Baby John would be getting hungry, so saying "Good-bye" to Norah she hurried across the fields to her home.

"Dear, dear!" she said to herself, "I shouldn't have stayed so long. I shall have to be busy now, or mother's tea will not be ready, and the place will be looking just anyhow. I have been a very poor house-

keeper"; and the little girl solemnly shook her head.

She expected that the little boys would be looking out for her; she pictured their eager faces at the window, or perhaps they would be waiting at the gate. But there was no sign of them. Pauline ran into the house, which was absolutely silent, and called:

"Tony—Baby—where are you? Sister has come."

But there were no answering voices.

"I expect they are hiding," thought Pauline. She ran from room to room, looking behind doors and curtains, peering beneath beds, and opening cupboards. Then she thought of the gipsies on the common. What if they had stolen Tony and Baby John? How she wished she had not disobeyed her mother and left the little ones!

"Mother will never trust me again. I hope I shall find them before she comes home," she said to herself.

Pauline went from room to room once more, then into the garden, calling first for Tony, then for Baby John. Then she heard the sound of carriage wheels and saw Mrs. Langley coming through the gate.

Mrs. Langley had found her sister better than she expected, and had returned, hoping that Pauline would have the table set and the kettle boiling, instead of which a very miserable little girl flung herself into her arms.

"Oh, mummy," she said, "Tony and Baby John are lost, and I b'lieve the gipsies have taken them. I ran over to Norah's house, and when I came back they were gone. And you will never let me housekeep for you again"; and Pauline ended with a sob.

"I expect they are not far off. Perhaps they are hiding in the woodshed. You look there while I search in the house," said Mrs. Langley, trying to speak cheerfully; but she looked very grave when she entered the dining-room and noticed the state of the room. She saw the heap of sticks prepared for the gipsy fire and the matches on the floor. She could hardly dare think what mischief the small boys might have got into.

The children were not in the woodshed, and it was soon evident to Mrs. Langley that they were nowhere on the premises. She was just setting out for the nearest village to inquire if anything had been seen of them when heavy footsteps sounded outside and there was a knock at the door.

IV

MRS. SPRIGGINS

THERE was a great surprise for Pauline on the other side of the door, for when she opened it she found Tony and Baby John holding on, one each side, to a large red-faced woman.

"Here we are, mummy!" Tony called out to his mother. "We've had a beautiful time. We were your housekeepers, and not Pauline. We were going to light the fire and get the tea, but Mrs. Spriggins wouldn't let us."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Spriggins, who was Mrs. Langley's washerwoman. "I came with the washing, and could make no one hear, so I made bold to open the door, thinking to put the clothes on the table. Then I heard Master Tony's voice and, peeping into the dining-room, found him and his little brother as happy as kings, just going to light a fire under the dining-room table, ma'am."

Mrs. Langley shuddered. What would have happened if Mrs. Spriggins had not come when she did!

"Seeing no one in charge," continued Mrs. Spriggins, "I took them back to my cottage. I couldn't stay here with them, as I was afraid my own children would be tumbling in the washtub or something. I put my eldest, Tommy, to watch by the gate till he saw someone belonging to Myrtle Lodge go by. Then I popped on my bonnet, and here we all are safe and sound."

So all ended well, but Pauline never forgot how frightened she was that day when Tony and Baby John were lost.

Next time she is left in charge she means to do as her mother tells her.



SUNDAY TALKS

"With the Last"

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY

DO you know any boy or girl who likes to be "last"? I don't. In every school of life the great struggle is an endeavour to be "first." Usually the prizes go to the first, not to the last.

To be last out of bed in the morning, last at the breakfast table, last after the

bell has rung for prayers, last to enter the classroom at school or college, last on the list of competitors who have sat for examination, or who have raced in the field sports, is not a pleasing or enviable position.

Occasionally we hear of "a consolation prize" awarded to someone who has failed to win a first place. At the University of Cambridge, the graduate who is last in the mathematical honours list is presented by his friends with a large wooden spoon about four feet long, beautifully decorated, which he hangs on his study wall and keeps as a trophy for the rest of his life.

Failure is sometimes followed by double diligence, close study and plodding work, which sooner or later issues in well-merited success. Then the "last" becomes "first."

The pushful, hustling crowd, however, has very little patience with people who are always last. Feeble folk are often jostled rudely, shunted quickly out of the way, and left behind. It is a popular maxim that only "the fittest" should survive. One of the world's selfish proverbs says glibly, "Everyone for himself."

In the retreat of the French from Moscow, the strong made good their escape; but the wounded, the frost-bitten, the faint, fell a prey to wolves that were howling on every side in pursuit of the fleeing army. A sad but true picture of what commonly befalls the rear rank in the world's great march.

How delightful, then, to hear of someone who has a kindly thought for the least and the last, speaking to them words of good cheer. The great God our Saviour declares, "I am the First and the Last"; and once, at least, in a tone of special tenderness, He says, "I am *with the last*" (Isaiah xli. 4).

When the Israelites, chased by Pharaoh's host, were hemmed in in the wilderness, the Lord opened a pathway by dividing the waters of the Red Sea. They "went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left."

Soon as the further shore was reached, those who headed the procession felt themselves comparatively safe. They were far in advance of the pursuing horses and chariots.

But what of their comrades, still a long way behind? How did they fare? "Sore afraid," indeed, were they. Yet special

provision was made for their safety. "The angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them." In the morning watch the Lord looked forth "through the pillar of fire and of cloud," and overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. Pharaoh's army "fled" and perished; "there remained not so much as one of them." But the children of Israel had no need to flee. They "walked upon the dry land in the midst of the sea" and were preserved alive. No tottering old man, no tired child, fell into the hands of the foe. God was "with the last." He made the passage of "the last" as safe and easy as though they had been "first."

It was the apt reply of a lad in one of our Boys' Brigades when asked, "How did the children of Israel get over the Red Sea?" With a smile of triumph, in the memory of their conquered fears and perils, he said, "Fine!"

Such is God's way of dealing with His people. He is mindful of all, "from the least to the greatest." "An house of defence" for the strong and the good; a Saviour of the feeble, the foolish, the heavy-laden. In His good pleasure, He is "ready to save." He will

"Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave."

This, His promise, will never fail: "I AM WITH THE LAST."

The life and teaching of Jesus fully assure us of this. Of Himself He says, "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." Put "last" and "lost" side by side, and you will see how much alike they are. In many of His parables Jesus refers to both.

Of a hundred sheep in the wilderness, ninety-nine followed their shepherd to an accustomed shelter, and, one by one, passed under his rod as he counted them into the fold. But the flock was not complete. One sheep was missing. The last was lost!

Was the last worth caring for, when all the rest were safe? It was only one of a hundred? Ah! the good shepherd cares. He will "leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it." And when, at length, the truant is overtaken, in a miserable plight—hungry, cold, with torn fleece and broken leg—what is the punishment? Does the shepherd utter angry words, and use his rod, with

heavy strokes, to goad the wanderer back? No; when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. He carries it home.

It is the story of how Jesus deals with self-willed, straying, sinful souls. He came to seek and to save the lost. He is "with the last."

Surely, then, no one need despair. The promise found most frequently in the Bible is in the two words, "Fear not." What Anne Brontë said to her sister, I earnestly say to you: "Take courage; take courage." In the race and battle of life, you may not find it easy to keep rank with your comrades; but remember that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Do the right. Do your best everywhere, always. Alice in Wonderland had to keep running as fast as she could to keep where she was. You must run and not weary in the heavenly race, "looking unto Jesus."

A visitor in a North of Ireland school, noticing one little fellow standing apart from the spelling class, looking sad and dispirited, asked, "Why does that boy stand there?" The schoolmaster replied, "Oh, he is good for nothing; the most stupid boy in the school; last in everything." The visitor looked kindly at the dunce, and placing his hand on the lad's head said, "Don't give up, my boy. Try hard. One of these days you may be a fine scholar." The soul of the boy was immediately aroused. His intellect was awaked. From that hour he was studious and ambitious to excel. He acquired stores of knowledge, and became author of a well-known commentary on the Bible and an eminent preacher of the gospel—Dr. Adam Clarke.

Let the words of Jesus to His early followers be words of good cheer to the feeble and the least among His disciples now—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." "Behold, there are last which shall be first."

"I AM WITH THE LAST."



HEROES OF THE FAITH

III—Count Montgomery

BY HENRY CHARLES MOORE

ACCOMPANIED by a brilliant cavalcade, King Philip II. of Spain—the monarch who twenty-nine years later sent the Spanish Armada on its disastrous attempt to conquer

England—came to France to be married to the daughter of King Henry II. The Spanish King had already been married twice, and his second wife, who had died in the previous year, was that persecutor of Protestants, Queen Mary of England.

The marriage between Philip and the daughter of the King of France had been arranged in order to strengthen the friendly feelings between the two powerful Roman Catholic nations which had sprung up at the conclusion of twelve years of almost incessant war. The treaty of peace was signed on April 3rd, 1559, and on June 24th of the same year the marriage took place.

Henry II., instigated by his wife Catherine de' Medici, one of the most fiendish women who ever lived, had made peace with Spain solely that he might employ his own soldiers in massacring his Protestant subjects; and on the morning of June 30th he gave orders to Gabriel, Count Montgomery, captain of his bodyguard, the Scottish Archers, that as soon as the tournament to be held that day was ended he was to proceed with his men to the Pays de Caux and begin the work of exterminating "heretics." All who were known to be Protestants were first to be tortured and then burnt to death; those who were suspected of being Protestants were to have their eyes put out, and anyone who attempted to protect a "heretic" was to be killed on the spot.

Having given this inhuman command, Henry proceeded to enjoy himself at the tournament. Several exciting contests had been fought, when Henry surprised his courtiers by announcing that he intended to enter the lists, and that he had chosen Count Montgomery for his opponent. No doubt the King believed that Montgomery, proud of being chosen for his adversary, would allow himself to be defeated. The dashing young captain of the Scottish Archers did not, however, appreciate the honour. He knew that if he were victorious the King would be displeased, and that if he permitted the King to defeat him people would speak slightly of his skill at arms. Therefore he asked the King to be allowed to decline the honour, but permission was refused.

Amidst tremendous excitement the King and the Count entered the arena, and at the appointed signal they rode straight at each other and met with a crash. Montgomery's

lance struck the King's visor and snapped with the shock. Instantly a cry of horror burst from the spectators, for it was seen that a portion of Montgomery's lance had pierced the King's forehead just above the right eye. Rushing forward, the attendants caught the King as he fell from his horse, extracted the broken lance, removed his armour, and then carried him, covered with blood, to the palace. Ten days later he died.

It was noticed by many people that hanging in the hall where the King's body lay in state was a beautiful piece of tapestry, representing the conversion of St. Paul, and having embroidered on it the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" It was soon removed.

No blame was attributed to Count Montgomery in connection with the King's death, as it was proved that the accident was due to Henry's wearing a defective visor. Nevertheless, Montgomery felt that he could not remain at court to meet day by day the relations of the man he had accidentally killed. He retired to his estates in Normandy, where, for a time, he led a very quiet life.

The death of the King, so soon after giving his brutal instructions with regard to the Protestants, had made a deep impression on Montgomery. It seemed to him that Henry's death had been ordained by God to prevent the massacre of the Protestants, and this made him eager to know more than he did of the Protestant faith. After reading the Bible and many of the books written by the Reformers, he was convinced of the errors of the Church of Rome, and became a Protestant.

When, in 1562, war broke out between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants of France, Montgomery was placed in command of the Protestants at Rouen, and gallantly held the city, although his force consisted of only 800 trained soldiers and 4,000 armed citizens, while the Roman Catholic army numbered 20,000 men.

The frequent assaults made by the enemy soon reduced the number of Montgomery's men, but he refused to surrender the city, and received great encouragement from the women, who came forward to take the places of their dead husbands, sons, and brothers, and fought heroically for their religion.

He hoped to be able to hold out until Protestant troops came to his aid from England

and Germany, but before the promised assistance arrived the Roman Catholic troops made a fierce and protracted assault, and, overcoming the exhausted defenders, captured the city.

Greatly to the disappointment of the Roman Catholics, Montgomery was neither killed nor captured. Since his conversion he had become one of the most hated of Protestants, owing to the untruthful story circulated among the Roman Catholics that he had purposely killed Henry II, and, boasting of having done so, had added a broken lance to his coat-of-arms.

In 1569, after capturing a large part of Béarn, Montgomery joined forces with the famous Protestant leader, Admiral Coligny, and together they won several victories.

When Catherine de' Medici instigated her husband to begin the persecution of the Protestants, she did not anticipate their making so gallant a fight for their religion, and in 1570 she decided to bring about a treaty of peace, by which the Protestants were to be given freedom to worship according to their faith. This treaty of peace was, however, only part of a plot to induce the Protestants to lay down their arms and make it easier to conquer them later on.

The King, Charles IX., was a mere tool in the hands of his mother, Catherine de' Medici, and at her instigation he invited Admiral Coligny, Count Montgomery, and other leading Protestants to visit him at Paris. They came, and were treated with great kindness by the King and his mother; but no sooner had the Protestant leaders become convinced that the King's desire to be friendly was genuine than Catherine de' Medici told her son that she had discovered that Admiral Coligny was plotting to murder him. Greatly alarmed, the King readily agreed to his mother's suggestion that the Admiral and all the Protestants in Paris should be killed.

Quickly the infamous woman made her plans, and on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, 1572, at a prearranged signal Admiral Coligny was brutally murdered, and the slaughter of 10,000 peaceful men, women, and children was begun. The Pope, on hearing of this awful massacre, was so pleased that he ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung, and caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event.

Count Montgomery was living on the southern side of the Seine when the massacre began, and the first news of the awful slaughter was brought to him by a Protestant who had escaped by swimming across the river. Scarcely had Montgomery realised the terrible news when he saw several boats filled with soldiers coming to begin their vile work in that quarter of the city. Rousing his friends, Montgomery saddled his horse, and soon he and his companions, hotly pursued by the soldiers, were riding for their lives. Fortunately they had good horses, and soon left their pursuers far behind.

Montgomery reached the coast in safety, and obtained a boat to take him to Jersey. From there he sailed to England. Two years later he landed in Western Normandy at the head of a small band of Protestants, and captured Carentan. For a time it seemed that he would again compel the King of France to grant religious freedom to his Protestant subjects; but before he could collect a large army he was surrounded by Roman Catholic troops at St. Lô, and only escaped capture by making a bold dash through the enemy's lines. Riding to Domfront, where he hoped to receive reinforcements, he found himself with only 140 men opposed to 5,000 of the enemy, and though he made a gallant fight against such overwhelming odds he was defeated and captured.

Catherine de' Medici received with great joy the news of the Count's defeat, and hurried to tell it to her son, the King, who, however, heard it without any signs of pleasure. Already he was dying, and by day and by night he was haunted by the recollection of the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre, a part of which he had witnessed. He died on May 30th, 1574, at the age of twenty-four.

A few weeks later, on June 26th, Count Montgomery was brought out of prison to be beheaded. Although he had been cruelly tortured on the rack before being led out to die, he was calm and happy, and when he mounted the scaffold he asked the spectators not to think of him as a traitor, which the King's judges had declared him to be, but to number him among the men and women, old and young, rich and poor, who had died for the Protestant faith; and as a Protestant martyr and hero he is still remembered.

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

MARCH 7th. PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN

Acts viii. 26-40

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The angel's command. (2) Philip's ready obedience. (3) The meeting with the Ethiopian. (4) The Ethiopian's conversion.

THIS lesson is a striking example of obedience and of the great value of personal work. Philip was commanded to do a certain thing, and he instantly obeyed without any questioning. He might have asked for an explanation of the message, but he was a good soldier, and did not question his Master's orders. A great result attended his obedience and faithfulness.

Always about his Master's Business

To every Christian there come such messages as that given by the angel to Philip—the Spirit silently telling him to do a certain thing, to speak to a certain person about his soul's salvation. Mr. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, made it a daily habit of his life to speak to someone on spiritual matters. Late one night, just as he was about to retire to rest, he remembered that he had done no individual work for his Master. Redressing, he prepared to go into the street. The rain was falling heavily as he closed the door of the house behind him, and not a person was in sight; but as he stood for a moment on the steps of his house he heard footsteps approaching, and a man came into view. Mr. Moody darted out and asked if he might share the shelter of his umbrella. The request was granted, and as the two walked along the street together Mr. Moody asked his companion if he had "a shelter in the time of storm." The conversation did not seem a hopeful one, and Mr. Moody returned home rather dispirited; but a few nights later he had a call from the man to whom he had spoken, who, as a result of Mr. Moody's question, was now anxious about his soul, and the evangelist had the great joy of leading him to the Saviour.

Another distinguished preacher tells how he was walking along the streets of a busy city one day, when he met a man who was an

entire stranger to him. An inward voice said to him, "Speak to that man," and, obeying the behest, he was soon in conversation with the stranger. In this case also a soul was led to the feet of Jesus Christ.

MARCH 14th. ÆNEAS AND DORCAS

Acts ix. 31-43

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The healing of the palsied man. (2) Dorcas and her example. (3) The power of Jesus Christ in raising the dead.

THE loving Dorcas, in working for others, set an example to Christians of all succeeding ages, and her name and work are held in grateful remembrance. There is a story told of a young girl who was on a visit to the country, and was following the farmer's wife along a winding, obscure path amid a tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor, attracted by the variety and beauty of the flowers, said she meant to gather all she could carry when she came back and had a little more time.

"Better pick them now, if you want them," said the elder woman; "it isn't likely we'll come back this way."

This simple incident seems to epitomise life. We must pick now, if we want them at all, the flowers that God scatters along our way, and we must embrace every opportunity that comes to us of doing good and helping others, or the chance may be gone for ever.

The Secret of Helping Others

When the heart is filled with love for Jesus Christ, that love finds expression in helping others. A lady missionary, passing through a jungle in Uganda, heard a cry, and going whence it proceeded she found an emaciated little boy who had been abandoned by his heathen friends. He was suffering from severe illness, and had been left to die or to be devoured by the first wild animal that came along. The lady picked him up and carried him to the mission station, and in a comparatively short time he was well enough to go home.

After that, the boy was frequently to be

seen around the mission premises, for he loved the missionaries, and knew that they were his friends. One day this lady missionary was sitting in her bedroom, the boy being on the verandah outside, when two men passed along and began to talk.

"What a wonderful thing these white people have done!" said one. "They have taken this boy, sent him to their hospital, cured him, and restored him to his home. Can you tell me why they have done this?"

"Yes, I can," replied the other, who must have been under Christian instruction. "It is because they have taken hold of a word in their heart that tells them, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these My children, ye do it unto Me.'"

MARCH 21st. REVIEW

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The power of the Gospel. (2) The responsibility and opportunity of the individual Christian.

THE conquering power of the Gospel is illustrated in the rapid progress of the early Christian Church; its peace and comfort are demonstrated every day in the individual life.

"I saw a picture some time ago," writes the Rev. J. H. Jowett, "which represented a rising storm. Seen at some little distance it appeared as though dark, black, threatening cloud battalions were speedily covering the entire sky and blotting out all the patches of light and hope. But when I went a little nearer to the picture I found that the artist had subtly fashioned his clouds out of angel faces, and all these black battalions wore the winsome aspect of genial friends. I have had that experience more than once away from the realm of picture and fiction, in the hard ways of practical life. The clouds I feared and worried about, and concerning which I wasted so much precious strength, lost their frown and revealed themselves as my friends. Other clouds never arrived—they were purely imaginary, or they melted away before they reached my threshold."

What a Kind Word Can Do

The responsibility of the individual is great, and to him is given the opportunity of so presenting his Master that others will want to follow and serve Him too. A Christian worker in London, once a criminal,

was asked when his reformation began, and he replied, "With my talk with Lord Shaftesbury."

"What did he say to you?"

"I don't remember much, except that he took my hand in his and said, 'Jack, you'll be a man yet.'"

Christian sympathy is never without fruit.

MARCH 28th. THE PENALTIES OF INTEMPERANCE

Prov. xxii. 29-35

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Woes of the drunkard. (2) His sad condition and miserable end.

THE examples of lives and characters ruined by drink are so many and so obvious that one would think they would serve as a warning; and yet men and women continue to become slaves to intemperance.

"It is amazing," says one writer, "that young men should be such egotists as to say that they have nothing to fear from a foe that has laid low such great men as Pitt and Addison and Charles Lamb and Hartley Coleridge and 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'—all of these cited by Farrar for England—and such great Americans as Webster and Poe and Yates and many more."

The Only Refuge

While drink ruins lives, Jesus Christ remakes them, and even the vilest drunkard can be made free at the Cross.

"A musician ordered of a violin-maker the best instrument he could make," writes Dr. J. R. Miller. "At length the musician was sent for to come and try his instrument. As he drew the bow across the strings his face clouded, and he became angry. Lifting the instrument, he dashed it to pieces on the table, paid the price he had contracted to pay, and left the shop. But the violin-maker gathered up the broken pieces and set to work to remake the instrument. Again the musician was sent for, and drew the bow across the strings as before. The violin was perfect. He asked the price. 'Nothing,' the violin-maker replied. 'This is the same instrument you broke to pieces. I put it together, and out of the shattered fragments this perfect instrument has been made.' This is the way God oftentimes does with men's lives." By yielding to Him, sin loses its power, and a daily life of victory becomes possible.

Terrors of Obesity.

Sure Permanent Cure: No Half Measures.
Danger of Mere Temporary Weight-Reducers.

When first the fact is realised that an attractive embonpoint is beginning to degenerate into sheer ungraceful, unlovely corpulence—the first symptoms of the terrible beauty-destroying, health-sapping disease of Obesity—the alarm of the sufferer may be easily conceived, especially if the victim happens to be a lady of fashion. At first it seems like a death-blow to all social enjoyments. But, of course, it is not so terrible as all this. For every ill that flesh is heir to Nature herself has created an antidote. In this case it is the great natural remedy Antipon that has been won by patient research from Nature's treasure-store of potent healing substances. Antipon does what every old-time remedy for obesity, from Hippocrates upwards, has failed to do. It annihilates the disease of obesity itself—that is, the seemingly irresistible tendency to put on an abnormal amount of unwholesome fat. In this respect, as in all others, Antipon stands supreme.

The danger of employing mere temporary weight-reducing methods cannot be too frequently emphasised. To gradually starve and exhaust the body into slinness is not to cure the disease of obesity, but to reduce the organism to that weak condition which leaves it an easy prey to all sorts of diseases, epidemic and other; and when to starving, mineral drugging is superadded, the subject is to be pitied. Such methods cannot be endured for long; and no sooner is a hearty rational dietary resumed than the gross fatty excess begins to reappear.

As Antipon eliminates the fatty tendency *with* the fatty excess, there is every reason to avoid starving and drugging. Antipon possesses wonderful tonic properties, the beneficial influence of which on the entire alimentary tract is truly astonishing. The appetite is rendered keen to enjoy the most nourishing of food in plenty, the digestive powers are greatly improved and stimulated, and nutrition is perfected. That is the only way to cure corpulence and refortify the system at the same time; and for that reason the pleasant, simple and harmless Antipon treatment is world-famous.

The enjoyment of all the rational pleasures of the table permitted—nay, encouraged—by the Antipon regimen, will not retard the progress of weight reduction. Within a day and a night of first dose there is a certain decrease—something between 8 oz. and 3 lb., according to degree of obesity, etc. This wonderful "send-off" on the road to health and beauty is followed by a pleasing daily diminution of weight; and as soon as natural proportions are regained the doses may cease forthwith. Antipon is a refreshing and agreeable liquid, containing none but the most innocuous vegetable substances, and may be taken at any convenient hour without fear of unpleasant reactionary effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar St., London, S.E.

Redfern's NAVY Rubber Heels

You can buy rubber heels for twopence.
But you can't buy good ones.

The best—not the most expensive, but
the best—cost 6½d. men's, and 4½d.
ladies' and children's.

They are known as Redfern's
Navy Pads.

But be sure they have "Redfern's
Navy Pad" stamped on each
one.

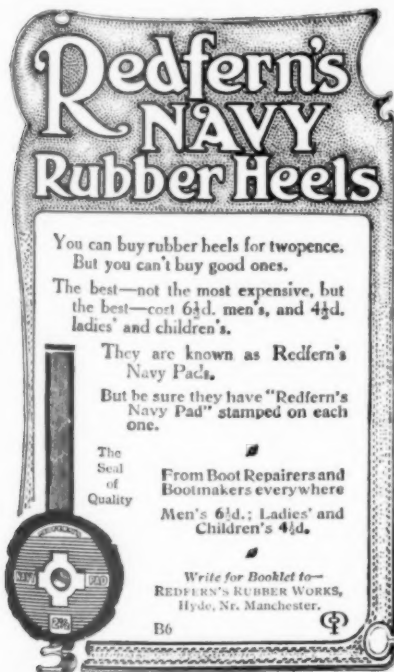
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Quality

From Boot Repairers and
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Men's 6½d.; Ladies' and
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Write for Booklet to—
REDFERN'S RUBBER WORKS,
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A new invention of greatest importance
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its curative effect upon **Deafness**,
Catarrh, and **Headnoises**, is—

KROEGER'S Patent Electro-Chemical EAR BATH.

By means of Cataphoresis certain remedies
are painlessly applied direct to the **Seat
of Disease**, to parts of the ear which
otherwise are not easy of access. It is to
this **proved fact** that the remarkable
success of the Ear Bath Treatment is due.

*Not only Deafness, but many other obstinate
ailments yield speedily to this epoch-making
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ONLY ADDRESS:—

MR. MARTIN KROEGER,
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13a, Wigmore Street, London, W.

[Face end matter.]

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Instal the Most Effective of Extinguishers—

“KYL-FYRE,” The Fire Extinguisher. (DRY POWDER)

Has proved to be the most

EFFECTIVE ENEMY OF FIRE.
CHEAPEST AND MOST RELIABLE.

ONLY **5/-** EACH.

Solid Brass Extinguishers for Motor Cars, price 10/6.

Do not wait for a fire, but at once equip your Houses, Motor Cars, Launches, &c.

OVER 1,000,000 ALREADY SOLD.

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MOTOR TUBE

"THE QUIVER"

INSURANCE AND INVESTMENT SUPPLEMENT

The Romance of Insurance

By ELLA G. GRUNDY

THERE are people who cannot see anything romantic about Insurance. To them the art of the actuary is a mass of dry-as-dust figures, the process of insuring something to be got through as quickly and easily as possible.

They never pause to consider what experience of human nature is necessary to the compilation of a popular form of policy. That comedy, tragedy or drama could centre round insurance never strikes them. Yet the possession of a policy may mean the difference between happiness or misery. The surrender of a policy may make a tragedy; or its payment may be the stepping stone to fortune.

Here is an interesting case. Many years ago a friend of mine, who had a little boy two years old, was left a widow. She had a small fixed income, but not enough to allow for any heavy expenditure on her son's education. This was a great worry to her, for she had set her heart on her son going to Oxford (his father's University) when he grew up, and on her small income that seemed impossible.

A great many people would have left the consideration of ways and means until the child was older and the expenses were imminent, and, like Mr. Micawber, have hoped "that something would turn up."

ESTABLISHED 1836

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Accumulated Funds, Over

£7,000,000

**NORTHERN ASSURANCE
COMPANY LIMITED**

LONDON AND ABERDEEN

(1, MOORGATE STREET)

(1, UNION TERRACE)

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The rates for Without Profits insurance have been reduced; for particulars see new prospectus.

All Profits in Participation Branch belong to Policy holders. Bonuses are declared every five years, and for the last four quinquennial periods have increased the sum assured at the rate of £1 11s. per cent. per annum. Intermediate Bonuses are allowed.

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Insurances are granted on Property situate in all parts of the British Dominions and in most Foreign Countries at rates which are computed according to the actual risk incurred. The Company has already paid over £15,000,000 in the settlement of Claims under its Fire Policies.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Personal Accidents, Diseases and All Sickness, Burglary and Theft, Plate Glass, Fidelity Guarantee, Public Liability (Third Party), Driving Accidents, and Workmen's Compensation Insurance (including Domestic Servants), at current rates.

GENERAL MANAGER
H. E. WILSON

FOUNDED 1823

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The Oldest Assurance Company transacting Life Assurance, Endowment, and Annuity Business alone—without Fire, Marine, or other risks—which affords the Additional Security of a Substantial Capital (£500,000) besides an Accumulated Assurance and Annuity Fund, which now exceeds

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MODERATE PREMIUMS LIBERAL CONDITIONS

CLAIMS PAID **£8,250,000.**

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11, King William St., E.C. 165, Piccadilly, W.

Not so this enterprising widow. She made inquiries of everyone she knew. She consulted all her friends about mortgages and investments. At last someone sent her particulars of an Insurance Scheme of Education Annuities issued by the Norwich Union Life Office.

She found that by paying a premium of £24 1s. 8d. for 14 years on her boy's life she would receive £100 a year for five years on his attaining the age of 16.

She calculated that at the end of the fourteen years, she would only have paid £337 3s. 4d. to the company, so she did not wait many days before she took out the policy.

If, for some reason, her boy had not, after all, gone to college, she had the option of taking a lump sum of £464 on his sixteenth birthday. This would have come in for a premium should he have cared to be an engineer or enter any other profession which requires the payment of an amount down.

If her boy unfortunately had died before his sixteenth birthday, all the premiums she had paid would have been returned to her.

As a matter of fact, he is now doing brilliantly at Oxford, and it is practically certain that one of these days he will "arrive." He got a scholarship, and with the help of the £100 a year he can go comfortably through college. Without that educational policy he could not have accepted the scholarship, and would never have had a real good chance.

A scheme of insurance which I have not touched upon in my previous articles is life insurance by limited payments.

I heard the other day of a man in the Civil Service who had just gone in for it. He insured in the Scottish Provident for £1,000 payable at death, but instead of paying a premium every year until he quitted this wicked world, all payments ceased when he attained the age of 60. As he was "30 next birthday" when he took out the policy, the annual premium was £24 16s. 8d.

He was wise enough to look ahead and realise that when he was 60 and living on a pension, the payment of premiums would be a serious drag on a depleted income. To pay a slightly larger premium while he was in business so that he could enjoy greater comfort in the latter years of his life seemed to him much the wisest

course. Insurance on this system must appeal strongly to anyone who is compelled to retire on a pension. Expenses do not necessarily drop when the income does, do they?

A new scheme of fire insurance, very useful to business men, has recently come very much to the fore. A fire occurs on business premises, and considerable damage is done. Not only that, but the turnover is pretty certain to fall off considerably, or possibly cease for a time. A certain proportion of the turnover is profit, and so profits decrease, while there remain a number of standing charges which do *not* decrease. It is to meet this dilemma that certain offices are prepared to issue policies.

Here is an example:—

The turnover of a business during the previous financial year has been, say, £20,000. Of this, £2,000 was nett profit, and standing charges consisting of rent, wages, taxes, insurance and the like are another £2,000—nett profit and charges making together 20 per cent. of the turnover.

Suppose a fire occurs on March 1st, the turnover for March falls from £2,000 in the preceding March to £1,000. If the owner of the business has taken out this policy he will receive compensation for his loss which will cover the amount.

A policy can be had to compensate for one or more months, the usual number being six.

The rate is, as a rule, the same as would be paid on an ordinary fire policy, the figures being arrived at by an accountant appointed by the proprietor of the business and the insurance company, the fee, of course, being paid by the latter.

A case which has just been brought to my notice emphasises the great advantage of accident insurance to professional men. A country doctor, 30 years of age, was thrown from his dogcart, breaking his leg badly. Besides the ordinary expenses of his illness, he was obliged to get a locum tenens to do his work. Luckily he was insured, or he certainly could not have afforded to pay a locum tenens, for he was still "working up" a practice. I have not heard the name of the company in which he was insured, but there is a very good policy issued by the Northern Assurance Company, the annual premium for which is £7, giving £6 a week during

Health!

TAKE into consideration every moment of your present existence; calculate to a nicety every happiness, every emotion you have ever experienced, and you will appreciate this, that every endeavour, every joy, is based on the question of **Health**.

To be without **Health** is to be without the vivifying power that leads up to success; it is to be without the fundamental principle underlying all joy.

You, if you are ailing, are wasting the splendid prospects of life. **You** are being turned down a side street away from the onward course of the successful.

WHY NOT

come out and lay hold on health with both hands? There is health awaiting you in the triumphant life from Electricity. This we know: our records prove it. Cured sufferers say so.

The Pulvermacher Appliances for the administration of curative electricity have proved their powers to relieve and permanently cure cases of

Indigestion	Paralysis
Constipation	Weakness
Kidney Disorders	Neurasthenia
Liver Complaints	Exhaustion
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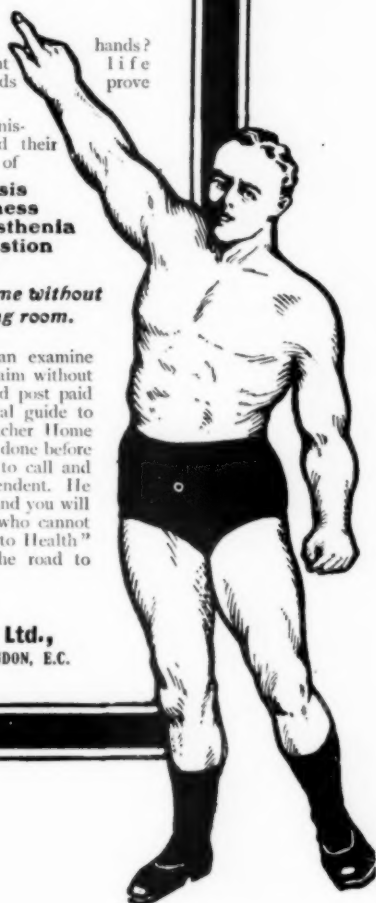
They cure the sufferer in his own home without the trouble of visiting a consulting room.

FREE OFFER.

You can examine this claim without cost of any kind. We will send you free and post paid a treatise on Curative Electricity (a practical guide to health). We can prove that the Pulvermacher Home Treatment has cured others. What has been done before can be done again. We strongly advise you to call and personally discuss your case with the Superintendent. He will give you the benefit of his experience, and you will be under no obligation whatsoever. Those who cannot call, however, should write for the "Guide to Health" to-day, and take the first great step on the road to Perfect Health.

All Applications to

The Pulvermacher Institute, Ltd.,
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total disablement and 30s. during partial disablement, to say nothing of £1,000 at death by accident, and other benefits.

A short time ago a man who had one of these policies, and had paid the premiums for a number of years without making a claim, thought seriously of dropping the insurance. He had grown older and was leading a less active life than in former years. Fortunately for him, all the people with whom he discussed the matter urged him to keep up the payments, and he decided to go on with it. Within a few months of his decision, at the age of 55, he was stricken with paralysis, and he now receives an annuity of £55 from the insurance company.

An insurance inspector once told me that it is a very common belief that if an insured person lives a long time he is bound to be out of pocket by the transaction. This is a fallacy which, with the use of the multiplication table, is quickly exposed, for, as an investment alone, a properly-selected insurance policy is a paying thing.

Take, for instance, the figures for a

"With Profits Endowment Policy" in any of the leading life offices. This is a policy payable at a certain age or at death should it occur before that age. If the insured person lives to the end of the term he has a return for his money of at least 2 per cent. compound interest, and added to this he has been insured all the time. Care must, of course, be taken in selecting an office.

If a man of 30 took out an Endowment policy for £100 payable at 55, his annual premium would be £3 19s. 8d. in the Northern Insurance Company. The total premiums paid would amount to £99 11s. 8d. Subject to the present rate of bonuses being maintained, at 55 he would receive £138 15s., which is about 2½ per cent. compound interest.

Now take a whole life policy (one payable at death).

A man insuring, say in the Edinburgh Life Office, at 30 years of age would be very nearly 80 before he would have paid more than he has insured for. If he took out a "With Profit" insurance it would be still more to his advantage.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Funds
£19,500,000



The Largest British Mutual Office

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Agencies in all the Principal Towns in the United Kingdom.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including January 28th, 1909. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: N. J. S. (Stocksfield), £1 15s.; "Bridget" (Barlestone), 5s.; J. L. (Stronsay), 71; Miss A. Wood, 2s. 6d.; Bradford, 6d., 2s., 2s.—Total, £3 7s.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "We Five," 14s. 4d.; J. P. B., 2s. 6d.; J. B., 10s.; M. E. B., 10s., and parcel of garments; G. M. B., six pairs of socks; N. Parry, six scarves; S. Harris, six garments.

For "*The Quiver's* Waifs' Fund": N. J. S. (Stocksfield), 17s. 1d.; J. L. (Stronsay), £1; E. A. M. B. (Stockwell), 5s.—Total, £2 2s. 1d.

For *The Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays*: "Thankful Heart," 2s. 6d.

For the *Radiography Apparatus for the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital*: Phil (St. Anne's-on-Sea), 1s.; M. Foxcroft, 2s.

For *The Mission to Lepers*: "A Reader of THE QUIVER," 2s. 6d.

For *Spurgeon's Orphanage*: J. L. (Stronsay), £1.

For *The Church Army*: J. L. (Stronsay), £1.

For *The Salvation Army*: J. L. (Stronsay), £1.

For *Miss Weston's Work among Sailors*: E. A. M. B. (Stockwell), 5s.; Miss A. Wood, 2s. 6d.—Total, 7s. 6d.

For *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: "In Memoriam" C. W. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

Several other members of the League have followed the good example set last month by sending their annual subscriptions. Sums may be addressed to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. The following are the sums received up to January 28th:

£1 1s. from Adelaide Matheson,
10s. each from "A Member" (Redhill) and B. A. Lawry,
6s. from Mary L. S.,
3s. from M. Foxcroft,
5s. each from Miss A. Wood and A. P.,
2s. 6d. each from F. C. Marshall, Mrs. Emsley, A. Husbands, Miss Moore, and Jane Powell,
2s. each from Mabel A. Deans, Miss Helen Waters, S. Fawell, Mrs. Champion, J. Storey, Miss A. M. Barton, "An Old Member," Mrs. Ross, Mrs. J. Newbery, Mrs. E. Duff,
1s. 6d. each from Harriet J. Clait and Miss M. Harris,
1s. each from Miss Rankin, Mrs. Womack, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Thrum, Amy B. Brown, Mrs. Litch, Miss K. Van Heythuysen, Miss Eleanor M. Pegg, Miss Parker, Mrs. J. Watts, Miss J. Watts, Mary Burt, "An Old Member," Mary Fox, Mrs. Buckton, Miss Collinson, G. S. Buckley Williams, Miss Carrington, C. E. Brockbank, Mrs. J. D. D. Algie, Mrs. Harrison.

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A Boon to Housekeepers, &c.

Light and easily carried from room to room. No dust or waste. Saves labour and fuel. Will hold siftings from 10 ordinary fire grates.

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Weight about 7 lb.

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Instructions supplied with each sifter.



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Why not give him
the longer ladder?**

By paying a few pounds a year during his least expensive years you can receive substantial sums each year during the years when his education should cost most, sufficient to put him on the road to success in any of the most profitable professions.

Write for particulars to

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**NORWICH UNION LIFE
OFFICE, NORWICH.**

COUPON.**The League of Loving Hearts.**

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed)

Address

For Readers of 'The Quiver'

SOME VALUABLE PRIZES



It is always pleasing to an Editor to have the frank opinion of the public regarding the magazine which he conducts. It is, in fact, the only sure way of discovering the popularity of its various features and the tastes of its readers.

The Editor of *The Quiver* is anxious to have his readers' views on the subject of the *Christmas Number*, so he asks them the following questions:—

1. What special feature would you like the next Christmas Number of "The Quiver" to contain?
2. Do you like to receive a Presentation Plate with the Christmas Number of "The Quiver"?
3. Which do you prefer—a coloured plate or a photogravure?
(Last Christmas, it will be remembered, we gave a coloured plate, "The Good Shepherd," and the previous Christmas we gave a photogravure entitled "Other Refuge Have I None.")
4. Which subject do you prefer for the Presentation Plate—a religious subject, or a domestic picture?

Replies to these questions must be sent in the form of a letter addressed to the Editor, *The Quiver*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and in the left-hand top corner of the envelope the word "Xmas" must be written.

All replies must reach the Editor before June 30th.

A PRIZE of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the sender of the best letter replying to the above four questions, and the senders of the six next best letters will each receive a handsome volume.

Brevity in the letters and originality in the suggestions in answer to the first question will be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes.

The Editor's decision shall be final.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

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The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.

The Best Remedy known for

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ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

Acts like a charm in
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Chlorodyne is taken in drops, graduated according to the malady. The doses are small, so that a bottle is not soon exhausted, but remains ready to meet emergencies. No more reliable and generally useful medicine can be kept at hand. It is agreeable to take, pleasant in action, and has no bad after-effects.

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Testimony with
each Bottle.



Admitted by the Profession to be the Most
Valuable Remedy ever discovered.

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**NEURALGIA, GOUT,
RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE.**

Effectually cuts short all attacks of SPASMS.

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1/12, 2/6, and 4/6.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—THE QUEEN.
IRISH
Children's 13 per dozen.
Ladies' 26 "
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Robinson & Cleaver's
Ladies' 29 "
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HANDKERCHIEFS.**
Damask, Table, and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Col-
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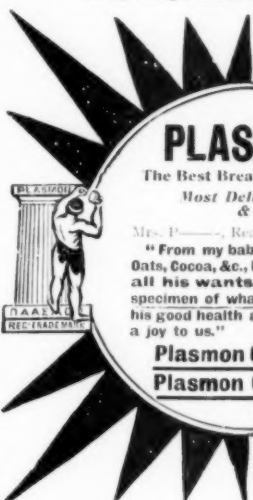
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The Best Breakfast and Supper Foods.
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"From my baby's first birthday, Plasmon
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specimen of what a child should be, and
his good health and development are such
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Plasmon Oats (6d. a pkt.),**

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cers, Stores, Chemists, &c.

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ROYAL FAMILY.**

THE LANCET says: "Plasmon increases the food value
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**RED
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For Breakfast & after Dinner.



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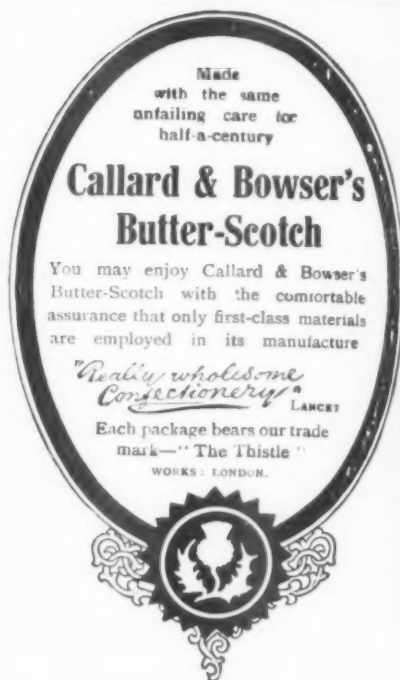
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